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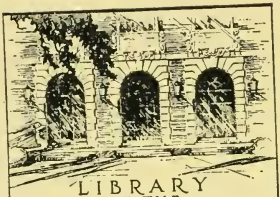

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VICISSITUDES ABROAD;

OR,

THE GHOST OF MY FATHER.

A Novel.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY

MRS. BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF

ANNA; JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS; AGNES DE COURCI; ELLEN; BEGGAR GIRL, &c.

——————Were Providence inclin'd,
In unrelenting wrath to human kind,
To take back every blessing that she gave,
From the wide ruin she would memory save:
Else would severest ills be soon o'ercast,
Or kind oblivion bury them at last.
But memory, with more than Egypt art,
Embalming every grief that wounds the heart,
Sits at the altar she has rais'd to woe,
And feeds the source whence tears for ever flow.

CURRAN.

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VICISSITUDES.

A FEW days only had elapsed, after the letter from Rome, which concluded the last packet I had the honour to send my dear Lady N., before the Duke was summoned to a private midnight conference in the apartment of the Marquise, at the Castle of the Thuilleries, where the hints it contained were proved to be perfectly correct.

On such an occasion it was impossible for any person, in whom the Royal Family confided, to remain uninterested. The Duke's offered service was accépted, and he returned to confide to me both the honour and danger of his commission.

The next morning orders were given for an excursion to St. Cloud. The Royal Family left the Palace with the usual retinue, and were turned back by the people, who, in their now common peremptory mode of governing their Majesties, insisted on their not leaving Paris.

As this was more to try what could be done, than hope of succeeding, the Dukes de V. and Brissac had taken their airing by different routes, as had several other Noblemen in the King's confidence. Not finding the family at St. Cloud, they concluded what had happened, and returned themselves as private as possible.

The insult to the King was, however, resented by all the Reasonables, even of the Reformists. The General and Mayor in particular resigned their offices, and refused to re-assume them till full assurance was received of future respect to the Royal Family. But though the populace appeared quiet and satisfied, the faction, of which Egalité

Egalité was the head, and the Abbe Rocquelar secretary, were not. The former suspected the lively interest taken by the General, and the latter had profited very little by his good offices on behalf of Adelaide. The Marquise very seldom saw him, although he always contrived to know when she was at her hotel. If indeed the sweet and grateful manner of Adelaide, the politeness of the Duke, and my particular attention, could have satisfied him, he would have had no reason to make the complaints, nor any provocation for the threats that reached us through our patriot friends.

The hotel of Monsieur Chevereux continued famous for good suppers, fine wine, and the best company among the Reformists. Charlotte, in the constant mixture of company at Madame Chevereux's, was becoming, in every laudable sense, a perfect woman of the world. She assisted Madame to entertain her visitors, and would have prevailed on Ninon to become herself

the delight of the society, had that amiable girl's mind been as much at ease as her own.

The life and volubility of Charlotte was however of service: no one suspected her of attending to any thing serious; and it was easy to gather, from the common conversation of Egalité, that he had his regiment of spies, and was far from having been imposed on in respect to the affair of St. Cloud. Gloomy and persevering, he still resolved to leave no means unessayed to wound the peace of the good King, with the determined resolution to precipitate him into desperate measures.

The sacred regard which the King always paid to religious duty, could not fail of endearing him to all the Ministers, who braved temporal danger rather than swerve from the fundamental principles of the Church; but the satisfaction of mind which resulted from acting according to the dictates of his conscience, was too great an indulgence for the *Grand Monarque*. The commands of

of the Assembly, in the form of an address, obliged him to discard the nonjuring clergy; and the violence which was fast banishing all moral obligations, impelled him to hasten events, before the necessary preparations could be concluded.

M. Bouillé, an officer on whose zeal there was the best dependance, was then commandant of the frontiers, and to him the Royal Family resolved to commit themselves; but as nothing could be ventured on paper, the Duke de V. had the honour to be entrusted with a mission, on which their safety, and even lives, might depend: and as it was impossible any longer to conceal from Adelaide the nature of the duty that obliged him to separate from her, as well as the certain risk to his own life, if it failed, we naturally feared she would be overwhelmed by a blow so totally unexpected; but we were mistaken.

It was impossible to witness the situation of the Royal Family of France, to know

their virtues, and to be sensible of the danger to which not only them, but all who were attached to them, were hourly exposed, without the ardent desire to contribute to their relief.

Adelaide sunk on the bosom of her fond adoring lover. He wished to console; he spoke of the glory of saving his Prince, and the little danger attached to the enterprise—of his return—of the peace that would be re-established—of their marriage and future happiness.

"Alas, Verencourt!" she replied, "all this is very fine. I allow you to flatter me and yourself, because we both need consolation; but though I too well know the magnitude of that danger, you call little, such are my sentiments, so truly do I love the King, so hourly do I tremble for him, for the Queen, for the lovely children, for the amiable Elizabeth, for my mother, myself, nay, for you, that my strongest regret at this moment is, that I cannot accompany you to danger, and even death, in such a cause.

cause. Go, my beloved; the prayers of the good, of many, many righteous men, among whom is our holy Abbe, who, you see, was well informed, will follow you;—go, and if these gay visions are ever to be realized, how vast the happiness that must be the portion of all who venture in such a cause! but if you fall, if when we part it should be to meet no more——" Again she sunk on his bosom, and in a voice rendered inarticulate by her emotion—"My Verencourt will die at his post, and his cenotaph shall be my fond heart, till it ceases to beat."

The Duke set off, had a secret interview with the General, and returned in safety to the Castle with the answer; for we no longer trusted to paper, even in cypher, a word respecting the Royal Family, or even the daily murders which attracted not the notice of men who were too much occupied, or too much alarmed for their own safety, to venture far in support of the laws.

With the general relaxation of justice rose the courage of all the wicked. The Abbe Rocquelar came to the hotel more than once every day. He addressed the Marquise—"Madame de Courville."—He assumed an air of pique when she was not present; and enquired after M. de Verencourt, during his secret mission, with such a tone of authority as frightened us: but this was the season of patience, not resentment. There was not a common domestic in the family who did not fly before him, although, at the same time, when they *did* condescend to obey us, it was so sluggishly and impertinent, that we troubled them as little as possible.

But the indignation of the Marquise, when, on the sanction which the new laws gave to the marriage of priests, the Abbe had the temerity to explain his pretensions, would have been too great for concealment, had she not been in some degree prepared; and as the time when she would be, she flattered herself, no longer exposed

to

to insult drew near, she imposed an entire new penance on herself, and by opposing art to art, lulled his suspicions, and secured his good offices.

The Abbe had wrestled with the many sorts of ill fortune, which, in spite of the prosperity of the wicked, is the consequence of ill actions, with wonderful philosophy, and he had ever kept the exultation of his head within bounds, when he saw how completely he managed wiser men than himself; but this was a prosperity that took in the complexion of his heart, and it was *not* to be borne with moderation.

He entered with confidence, spoke with decision, affected the air of a patron to poor me, and at length took on him to weigh the reasons for and against the marriage of Adelaide to M. de Verencourt, which he disapproved *in toto*.

As to laughing, no such sensation now occurred in the sphere of our acquaintance: we had, indeed, managed to smile on the

happy evening of the day when Adelaide was saved from death; but obsolete as the habit was become, I should have laughed out, had I not been restrained by the serious steady gaze of Adelaide, and the frightened look of the Marquise.

Nobody answering, or presuming to dispute the infallibility of his judgement, he strutted off to communicate his success to the Chevalier, with assurance that the first act of his authority and interest, after receiving the hand of the mother, would be to put him in possession of the daughter.

Thus, in the proud security of prosperous iniquity, talked the vain Abbe.

But the person in whose favour he professed such liberal sentiments, knew the Marquise too well to believe, though deprived of rank, fortune, and title, her mind could ever be debased to the level of the Abbe Rocquelar; and so indefinable are the feelings of the human heart, he

even felt himself hurt at the bare insinuation of such an union, for the mother of Adelaide.

But there was still an air of mystery about the motions of the family, which, though not visible to the perception of intoxicated vanity, could not escape the Chevalier. He had already subdued the sensibility which was so delightful to us, and so flattering to his brother, and returned to his friends and their politics; but although he had at first found relief from the corrosive sensations of his heart in the business of the new laws on which they were now engaged, it is not strange that while, like them, talking of reform, patriotism, and national equality, he should also, like them, sacrifice every thing to his own private passion and interest. A mystery that seemed to hang round his brother and Adelaide, soon superseded the laws, which he abandoned to those whose heads were not disordered with the inquietude of the

heart, and fixed his attention on the inmates of the Hotel de Courville.

The absence of the Duke, though short, and attended with every possible precaution, could not escape him: he had, besides, placed a watch at the gate of our hotel, from which, in various disguises, he was himself seldom absent; and confirmed in the suspicion that a secret and important affair was on the *tapis*, he had more than once followed his brother at midnight to the gates of the palace, saw him admitted, and waited till the dawn of the morning for his return.

Meanwhile the secret arrangements were expediting, the Marquise was still to attend the Queen; and as the performance of this dangerous duty would leave her daughter, and indeed all who were connected with her, in a most dangerous and critical predicament, I had, at the earnest desire of the Duke, applied to the English Ambassador for passports for myself and *two* daughters,

daughters, that we might set off at least one day previous to the Royal flight.

Had we been in the least aware of the Chevalier's suspicions, it would not perhaps have been difficult to elude them; but we were not more careful to conceal motions on which so much depended, than he was to hide the assiduity with which he watched us, even from Rocquelar; who, indeed, elated with the little opposition the Marquise took the trouble to make to his arrogant pretension, dreamed of nothing less than the disappointment designed for him.

Meanwhile M. de Bouillé had prepared relays of troops, agreeable to the plan marked at the Castle of the Thuilleries, and finally settled between him and the Duke de V., although it was impossible to fix on the exact *route* till almost at the instant of departure.

The faithful and loyal de V., though perfectly sensible that his love, his honour, and his life, depended on the success of an

enterprise of equal importance to his Prince, cheerfully undertook to be the *avant courier*, for the purpose of settling every step for their security, the most zealous loyalty, both on the part of M. de Bouillé, himself, and a few other select friends could devise, after the maturest deliberation.

When he parted from his Adelaide, a thousand incidents might occur to render the separation final: she was indeed going to leave France; and as the British Minister's passports were sacred, he had every reason to hope, under the protection of her maternal friend, and the escort of two faithful followers of his own, she would reach a place of safety before the momentous event in which he was embarked, could transpire. Yet there was a possibility of failure—a dreadful one it appeared to a fond and anxious lover!—With what terror did he anticipate accidents that might for ever part him from her! To what dangers might she not be exposed, before he could follow

follow her to England, or before she could join him on the Continent! Such indeed were the tortures which he could not conceal from his friends, and such the tender fears of Adelaide for his safety, notwithstanding his sanguine declarations that a short time would re-unite them, that he was prevailed upon to spare her and himself the pain of a last adieu; and when he parted from her the evening before he left Paris, when in the agonizing terror of his apprehensions for her safety, a thousand fears filling his foreboding heart as he pressed her fondly to his breast, she asked, in the soft voice of modest love, what time he would be with her in the morning? it is impossible to describe his manner or his look. A cold perspiration stood on his forehead!—tears, in spite of all his endeavours to repress them, gushed from his eyes!—"My father! my father!" he exclaimed, "Oh God, at what a price do I obey my father!"

Never

Never indeed was loyalty proved by a dearer sacrifice than when the Duke de V. tore himself from the arms of Adelaide, and, still watched by his brother, secretly left Paris.

One of the mysteries the Chevalier had found it impossible to solve, was my application for a passport, which could answer no other purpose than dividing me from the friends, between whom and myself there had always subsisted the most perfect affection and unreserved confidence; but the departure of his brother accounted for all, and the pangs this discovery inflicted, proved that even when in the expectation of the nuptials, some ray of hope was left, of which the emigration of Adelaide would deprive him.

Once more he consulted the secure and confident Abbe, who, certain of possessing the Marquise, proud of his own penetration, swelling with self-importance, and no longer considering the Chevalier of consequence to his future fortune, treated his suspicions

suspicions and information as the mere chimeras of a disturbed head, and jealous, irritated, mind.

The Chevalier, hurt and enraged by the insulting security of his colleague, hastened to find their common friend and adviser.

M. Egalité was unfortunately engaged with some particular friends in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

From thence he returned to the Thuilleries, where, in the desperate fear of for ever losing Adelaide, he happened to stumble on the truth without knowing it. Meeting M. Gouvine, an officer of the National Guards, who, enquiring with an air of suspicion, as well as surprise, what business could bring the Chevalier there at that hour? he answered with an agitation which gave the colour of truth to his assertion, that he had reason to believe some part of the Royal Family were on the point of emigrating. Not satisfied with thus alarming the guards, his restless and perturbed

perturbed spirit again returned him to the gate of our hotel.

It was not yet day. A carriage entered the court in the moment he came up, out of which he saw Mademoiselle Chevereux and Charlotte alight. So extraordinary an occurrence, at that early hour, could not be accounted for in any common way—He continued to observe.

A plain *berline* stood in the court, into which he saw several packages handed, with apparent caution, and profound silence.

He then suspected that it was Mademoiselle Chevereux, who was to leave Paris under the designation of one of my daughters; but a moment's reflection convinced him of the fallacy of this transient hope. For why should Ninon emigrate? or how could it be believed that her doting parents would consent to such a step? Attachment to my daughter, as strong as he termed it romantic, might have been an obstacle to Charlotte's leaving her; but the

the natural, sweet, and amiable turn of Ninon's temper would never suffer her to abandon parents whose pride and comfort she was. His agitation encreased; the crisis of his fate seemed to hang on the hour.

M. Gouvine alarmed the Mayor. The guards were already trebled at every avenue to the Palace, and the removal of the Royal Family was by that means rendered more difficult; but as they were not in fact the objects of his solicitude, the guard on their actions was no relief to him: he had become an enemy to his Prince, and an apostate to the principles of his progenitors; he was self-estranged from his nearest of kin, and disobeyed the dying injunctions of his honourable father, to possess himself of a treasure, after which his heart panted, and which was now on the point of eluding his grasp for ever and for ever.

He left the hotel in a state of distraction, again disturbed the Abbe, and again his fears and remonstrances were revived with the most petrifying coldness.

"At

"At least," said he, "inform yourself what is meant by the second daughter of Madame St. Herman. Who ever heard of any daughter of her's beside Charlotte? There is a mystery in this we ought to develop."

The Abbe had professed much zeal in the service of the Chevalier, as long as the promoting it was connected with his own interest; and certainly of the two he would prefer giving the daughter of the Marquise to the younger, rather than the elder Verencourt; nay, he would still take some pains for so convenient a purpose, provided always he could do it without injuring himself with the charming Marquise, for that was what he resolved not to do. What was it to him if Adelaide did go with Madame St. Herman? a woman whose interference he feared, and of course hated; she and her impertinent daughter, whose tongue and wit were in every body's way—*ergo*, though to serve a friend was good, to serve himself was better.

As

As the Abbe would not admit a *possibility* which it was not his interest to prevent, the Chevalier left him with entire disgust, and again returned to seek his friend at the Palais Royal; but that Hero was never accessible after his nocturnal visits to the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Half deranged, he ran to the house of M. Fayette. That officer was indisposed; and his wife, whose countenance generally shewed the complexion of her husband's mind, insisted he should not be disturbed.

The General, although he had suffered the fascination of reform to seduce him into error, abhorred the licentiousness which now usurped the name of liberty, by no means meaning to deprive the King of a moderate degree of power, much less to wound his peace and insult his dignity; he secretly lamented the part he had taken.

The Chevalier's reception was therefore cool enough, and he returned hastily to our hotel, where the *berline* still stood loaded with

with trunks, and found, by the domestic, it was no longer a secret that Madame St. Herman was on the point of leaving Paris.

Again the idea of losing Adelaide for ever, threw him into agonies; he flew back to M. Petion's, and having gained a ready audience there, imparted to him the suspicious circumstance of my passport.

That patriot, inflated with the pride of popular power, swelling with self-importance, ambitious to succeed M. Baillie as Mayor, and eager to prove himself worthy the suffrages of his faction, expressed the highest approbation of the zeal of the Chevalier. Gouvine had already been with him, exaggerating every suspicious circumstance, and concluding it was even possible that the Queen herself might intend to leave Paris in the character of Madame St. Herman's second daughter.

It was not the Chevalier's business to obviate this idea; the removal of Adelaide was all that affected him. If that was prevented,

prevented, though the Queen herself should take her place in my *berline*, it would not disturb his repose, nor would he disturb her's.

M. Petion hastily accompanied him to the residence of the General, who, more accessible to the Ex-magistrate than he had been to the Chevalier, received them in his chamber, and after some desultory conversation, admitted the propriety of demanding a sight of Madame St. Herman's passport, as well as the *two* daughters for whom it was obtained. He however hinted, that as the daughter of the Marquise had so lately escaped the fury of the people, the proceedings ought to be private and delicate, lest that unfortunate family, who had already suffered so much, should actually become the victims of mistake.

The Chevalier could not object to this; but, notwithstanding the repulsive look of the General, urged an immediate investigation—" How," said he, " should the artful

Maria

Maria Antoinette evade our enquiries, and escape, could we answer to our country for a delay which circumstances would render criminal?"

M. Petion fired up at this speech, and as he declared himself exactly of the Chevalier's opinion, the General had no longer an excuse to avoid a personal visit, which he suspected would be very unwelcome. Not, however, willing to allow the necessity of such extreme haste, he detained them a few minutes, and in this interval a card was put into my hand, scratched with a pencil —"*Fuiyez!—adieu!*"

The preparation for parting under such solemn circumstances could not but be extremely affecting. We did not indeed foresee any possible obstruction; I had, I thought, guarded against every accident: but the Marquise was to accompany the Royal fugitives.—They might be environed with perils, they might be betrayed, and it was impossible to foresee the consequence of

of such a misfortune; she might therefore, perhaps, be now embracing her daughter for the last time.

The gentle, tender, and dutiful Adelaide, wept on that maternal bosom to which she might no more be pressed: she prayed, with the utmost fervency, for the safety of her dear mother, and was kneeling at her feet, when, the horses being put to, Muller announced all was ready; but she was not yet informed of the Duke's departure, and lingered, minute after minute, in expectation of seeing him enter.

Ninon, who was in all our own secrets, had reconciled her mother to the parting with Charlotte, on pretence that her journey had for its object the claiming her grandfather's estate; but, while she consented thus to obviate her mother's objections, and though, in parting with Charlotte, she lost a friend who was the delight of her life, she was too just and too generous to suffer any selfish conside-

ration to influence her, when the safety of friends so dear were at stake.

Every thing relating to us, and to our designs, was known to Ninon; but those which concerned the Royal Family were too sacred and important to be ever spoken of. The absence of the Duke, however, at such a crisis, and the separation of Adelaide from her mother, which so afflicted them both, convinced her we were all links of the same chain; but she was too delicate to let a hint of her private thoughts transpire—and, while her heart glowed with the warmest sentiments of affection and friendship, now about to be severed perhaps for ever, it was impossible for a mind like her's to blend any other interest with the tender and generous feelings of her soul. She dismissed her carriage, to remain with us to the last moment; and had now retired with Charlotte to shed the tears of sorrowful regret in her arms.

It was with equal reluctance and tenderness

ness I forced myself to urge the necessity of getting out of the dominions of France, before circumstances happened that might fatally impede our journey.

"Alas!" said the Marquise, "it is in vain, my beloved Adelaide, to defer the fatal moment; we must part, or, perhaps, never meet again!"

Adelaide turned pale—"Oh, my mamma! my dear mamma! what is it you say? Never meet more! Cruel necessity! unhappy country! whom the innocent natives are forced to abandon. But where, where is the Duke? Does he not——?" The words died on her lips.

The Marquise feared to acknowledge he was already entered on his dangerous duty.

"You must, my child," said she, hesitating, "prepare your mind against the disasters and dangers to which all virtuous Frenchmen are now exposed."

"Disasters!" repeated Adelaide, with an aspect of terror.—"Has any thing then happened?"

My presence of mind did not, in this moment, forsake me, although I held in my hand the anonymous *fuiyez.*—" No disaster," said I, " can, or, I trust, will happen. The good and great are the care of Providence: if they live, they become blessings; if they die, they remain examples. We must not forget that the Duke is the living representative of the best of fathers; he is the subject and servant of a King, whose distresses double his claims on the loyalty and affection of his adherents. Love for you, my dear Adelaide, is no doubt the first and most tender emotion of his soul; but it must, in this instance, yield to duty and honour. You are also the child of noble and loyal parents, one of whom——"

" Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, flying to the arms of her mother, " one has already fallen, and all, all, may follow. You, the Duke—all may be lost!"

" If we do fall," said the Marquise, " involved in the ruin of our Sovereign, you will at least have the consolation to know,

know, we did not relax the exercise of a duty commanded by God, and enforced by the law of society; and, oh, think! while you see my heart bursting with anguish at this separation, how much happier is my fate, than her's who was born to command me and mine. She has no good St. Herman, to whom she can, with security, commit her lovely daughter, who will convey her to a secure asylum, and whose tried principles are the pledge of safety. No, she is doomed to tremble for them; to meet fresh insults; to dread fresh danger; to fear for her husband, herself, and her dear children. Oh think! if abandoned by such men as the Duke de Verencourt, De Brissac, and their honourable associates, what hope would be left to the fond mother? It is on them that the Dauphin must rest; and through them, he must ever hope to succeed his now unhappy father!"

"And is he already entered on this perilous service without bidding me adieu?

He is now, perhaps, even now, a victim to this cruel honour!"

"I have already said," replied the Marquise, with solemn energy, "he is at his post."

"And I shall see him no more! I now remember his emotion; his tears dropped on my hand, and I, ungrateful, did not treasure them in my heart. Oh, why, dear mamma, must we be principals in this fearful business? We who have lost our natural protection, is it for us to become actors in scenes of civil discord?"

"You would then, Adelaide, see your mother the spouse of the contemptible Abbe?"

"Oh, Heaven forbid!"

"Or you would behold her the victim of his revenge?"

"Oh, no!"

"You would yourself become the spouse of the Chevalier?"

"I will die first!"

"The

" The Chevalier has a phalanx of friends; he has, besides, M. Egalité himself, the host of desperate adventurers in his suite, and the countenance of the Assembly. *Your* Duke has only honour, rectitude, and the favour of an insulted King. Do you wish to engage him in so unequal, so hopeless a contest?"

Adelaide could not speak; she hid her face, and wept aloud.

" We cannot, my love," continued her mother, " separate our own interest from that of our King; and should we not deserve the ruin, when we refuse to share the danger? Go, my child, when you are safe, your mother will be an heroine."

Muller repeated—" All was ready."—Charlotte and her friend, mingling tears with embraces, had already reached the carriage; I was following with the reluctant Adelaide; the Marquise remained weeping in the vestibule. My foot was on the step of the carriage, when the porter ran from the gate, to announce the

proach of the General, M. Petion, and Gouvine.

Consternation and terror seized our little group. The unwelcome visitors were already in the court examining the trunks, which had my name on all the directions.

M. Petion then advanced, and demanded a sight of my passport, in a voice so brutal, unfeeling, and commanding, as, added to the unexpected interruption, deprived me of the power to answer.

The General, with more politeness, desired to be announced to the Marquise. He explained to her, that they were informed of some mistake in the passport of Madame St. Herman, which, he had no doubt, would be rectified without retarding her journey.

Ninon, who, standing on the steps, saw across the court, caught a glimpse of the Chevalier, and flew to Charlotte, whispering—"It is all over."

Conscious of the *finesse* respecting the passport,

passport, all my boasted presence of mind vanished; it was not for myself or my daughter that I feared—for I well knew, it was not the politics of the day to infringe the rights of the English Ambassador. But the moment I found Charles de V. was there, I had no doubt that the great object was to detain Adelaide, and all my air castles fell to the ground; for what, without my friends, was the asylum England afforded? My blood, my family, and perhaps the natural bias of my heart, were British; but all the sweet ties, more binding than those of blood or country, which the divine enthusiasm of congenial affection erects on the altar of friendship, were French. I was a stranger in the land of my fathers; and, if divided from the connexions which grew to my heart, should have wandered, like the solitary dove, in vain search after a resting place.

Adelaide was inexpressibly dear to me; I considered her as the pledge of my dearest Julia's affection. How then could I abandon her, at a crisis when a duty to which

the Marquise devoted her life, might, in its very possible miscarriage, leave her daughter an unprotected prey to the artful Chevalier? No, this was not in my nature; my resolution was formed, though I could only answer M. Petion with the exclamation of—"Adelaide, oh my child!"

A whisper reached my ear, of—"You are too good, Madame St. Herman!—we are indebted to your intentions."—It was the Chevalier.

The appearance of so many well known personages, at that early hour, had attracted some stragglers, who forced themselves into the court, in spite of the efforts of the Swiss to prevent them. It was always an encouragement to the patriots, who now chose to make our arrangements a national concern, when the lower order witnessed and applauded their zeal. Nothing could be more important than the looks, nothing more vehement than the demands, of M. Petion. M. Fayette only, seemed to attend to the real point in

question, at the same time that he did not forget the gallantry and politeness which once were the characteristics of his country. He first entreated the ladies to return to the salon, and then, to the great mortification of Petion and his colleagues, cleared the court from the inquisitive intruders.

Scarce were the gates closed, when the well known rap of the Abbe was heard, and his name announced to the General, who had forbid the porter to open the gate without his order; and, notwithstanding the impatient Abbe continued to rap, he forbid his entrance till the Marquise gave her orders for his admittance.

The poor Marquise feared not only the interruption of her daughter, but that all the more important designs in which she was engaged were on the point of being discovered. To her, who had witnessed the horrible scenes at Versailles, whose husband had been murdered, and whose only child had been nearly immolated, nothing could be more terrible than a

Paris mob; she threw herself at the General's feet, and implored his protection. The rap still continued, louder and louder, at the gate; and the General, who had little more respect for a Paris mob than herself, besought her to be calm, while M. Petion, who cared not how many witnesses there were of his zeal, expressed his regret that any of his worthy fellow-citizens should be kept waiting at the gate of a Noble.

The General himself relieved the Marquise, by assuring her, the cause of her alarm was the impatience of one, not many of the good citizens of Paris; and, in that moment, in rushed Monsieur Egalité, followed by Rocquelar.

The great principal of the party, supposing he had been followed by the Secretary, was extremely offended at the little respect shewn a person so high in *his* confidence.

The Abbe, who, on his part, expected nothing less than to meet the personages present,

present, availed himself of the mistake, and pretended to enter, with zeal, on a business he had done all in his power to prevent.

When the Abbe took out his tablets to enter formal minutes of the proceedings, M. Petion again demanded the passport, which expressly described Madame St. Herman, her *two* daughters, and a German *femme de chambre;* but it was in vain M. Petion stormed, M. Egalité sneered, and the General politely enquired. No *two* daughters were produced, nor any explanation extorted; and the greatest favour that now could be shewn the ladies, was to place a guard at all the doors, till the affair was discussed before the Assembly.

The General, however, after directing the guards to remain within the gates, waited to see them placed out of the observation of the people; and he advised the Marquise not to let any message pass to or from her house till they were removed, though he well knew it was neither the Queen

Queen nor her daughter who designed to leave Paris with a British passport.

M. Egalité, to leave no pretence for passing the gates, offered to conduct Mademoiselle Chevereux to her father, which she did not presume to decline. The whole party then left us, to condole with each other, without daring to make known our disappointment.

The Marquise's terror and distress for herself was, however, soon absorbed in the dread of having a private messenger from Court stopped, with billets, which might discover the intentions of the family, and ruin all their plans. That night, at eleven, she was to have taken her station at Court; the succeeding one was finally fixed for her departure—and the failure of her appearance would naturally alarm the Queen, and occasion the message of enquiry which she dreaded.

The porter was literally under the eye of the guards; and, as it was equally impossible to send or receive a message without

without their inspection, the Marquise passed that evening and the night in the utmost anxiety and apprehension.

Ninon, the amiable *traits* of whose character shone through the opacity that oppressed her heart, was not, however, inactive: though ignorant of particulars, she could not doubt the importance of some general plan in which the Marquise was engaged, and which the restraint she was now under might disconcert; she contrived to have an explanatory billet delivered to Madame Fourizette, which spread such alarm at Court, that, not doubting but all was discovered, nothing could equal the distraction of the family. A female attendant on the Dauphin was suspected of treachery; and Monsieur Lamoigne was commissioned to endeavour to get access to the Marquise, but he was not successful in his mission—and the general consternation may be conceived, when he returned with information, that every

every avenue to the Hotel de Courville was guarded.

The consultations that were held on the occasion terminated in a resolution to postpone the grand plan for one night; but although it had been difficult to fix on the precise time of setting out, it was now as difficult to postpone it, without risking such confusion as might be fatal. The King had rode out in the morning without being interrupted, or even noticed more than one of his own courtiers.

"We are all ready," said Madame Elizabeth; "our friends expect us. Since this measure is necessary, why defer it? Who knows what may be the events of one day?"

The Queen, too apprehensive of the consequence of a discovery, and too eager to escape from a place where she had experienced such cruel and continual alarms, seconded these arguments. I can neither pursue the Royal Pair through all the

the anxiety of this tedious day, or describe the suspense, fear, and perturbation in which it was passed at our hotel; hope must, however, have been the predominate feature of the minds of the Royal Family, although it was impossible they could divest themselves of the agonizing restlessness, the fears, and danger attached to such an undertaking.

Madame Elizabeth, not more bound to the King by ties of blood than affection, passed the day in her closet. That bright ornament of the world was, without puritanism, religious; without ostentation, virtuous; and, without vanity, beautiful. While the Queen was, with trembling solicitude, wandering from room to room, Elizabeth mildly committed herself to God.

The tedious day at length passed; the night, the momentous night, advanced. The confinement of the Marquise, and uncertainty of the cause, though a most afflicting and regretted circumstance, was not, at this important crisis, to be remembered.

remembered. Notes arrived, as pre-concerted, from the Duke de V., written in cypher: he had passed without suspicion; all was right—and the whole family left the Castle before midnight. Monsieur and Madame, in a hired *voiture*, took the road to Brussels; but the King and his family made all possible dispatch to follow the Duke, and join M. Bouillé, who had, wherever it was possible, changed the National Guards, and replaced them with Swiss.

This event, which was not known till seven the next morning, threw the capital into the utmost consternation: the *tocsin* was sounded—the people thronged the streets—terror pervaded in the minds of those who had outraged the laws; and the expectation that the country would become a scene of blood, filled the moderate reformers with dismay and sorrow, while the triumph of the loyalists exceeded all bounds.

Mean while we continued in the most painful

painful suspense, ignorant of all that passed; closely watched by guards, who, though relieved by their fellows, were too well instructed to utter a word, before our people, of the important event that had taken place. The distress of the Marquise, tremblingly anxious for the fate of the Queen, and alarmed for Adelaide, who, now seized with successive faintings, so wholly occupied us, that it was not till we heard the frightful *tocsin*, that we recollected what was to happen during the last night.

The gloomy vapours of suspicion and despair which agitated the Chevalier, vanished when he heard of the flight of the Royal Family: and the sentiments of all the Jacobins, on that occasion, inspired the flattering hope, that, whatsoever were the consequences to Louis and his family, it would be long before his brother could return to Paris; and that it would be yet longer before Adelaide could join him elsewhere.

Time,

Time, and much time, must be sacrificed to civil broils, where each party were too inveterate against the other to admit a thought of speedy pacification. Already the first terror was subsided; the Jacobins met and interchanged vows of adherence to the cause of liberty, and fidelity to each other; the hall was crowded with members; the chiefs of the faction were preparing to harangue, to exasperate, to encourage, and every means used to discover all who were concerned in the escape of the King. That the Duke de V. had been an active and essential assistant to the family of Louis, on this occasion, was already well known; he could never, therefore, return to Paris, except in the train of a triumphant King, without risk of his life.

Adelaide was, in the mean time, in *his* power: the fate of her mother depending on his party, and even myself and my daughter, by the false passport, in imminent danger. This then was the moment for which he had so long waited, and which he had

had purchased at the expence of duty, honour, and principle: he hastened to the hall; the case of the Marquise and Madame St. Herman, was then before the Assembly.

Rocquelar, who was as much, if not more interested in this subject than any one, remained silent and confounded; the terrors of guilt, fear of punishment, and mortified vanity, by turns harrowing his soul. What, indeed, could he say in defence of a woman, who, in the same moment that he believed her his own destined prey, meditated an escape from his power, and entered into measures, that, if successful, ascertained the punishment his presumption provoked, and the vengeance his guilt deserved.

There evidently had been a relaxation of guard somewhere: the multitude are seldom very delicate in the hour of alarm; and, while many respectable citizens waited with confidence to hear the sentiments of the commander in chief, there were many more

more who did not take the trouble to disguise their suspicions, that he was a traitor to the popular cause. He was, indeed, himself so astonished at the removal of the Royal Family, that he also sat silent and disconcerted. M. Petion, on the contrary, was exhausting his eloquence in remarks on all the suspicious circumstances relative to the passport, in which he introduced the most enthusiastic praise of young De V., whose conduct was the more entitled to the thanks of his fellow citizens, as, in the same moment when *he* was the zealous champion of liberty, it was discovered that the traitor, his elder brother, was the prime and confidential agent of Louis and his family.

C. Verencourt himself then ascended the tribune, where he was greeted by reiterated bursts of applause from the members of the Assembly, as well as the galleries.

He fixed his penetrating eye on the face of Rocquelar; but ocular expression was never more mistaken. The Abbe remembered

remembered the anxiety in which Verencourt had passed the night, when his own secure slumbers were unwillingly broken by the inquietude and suspicions of his friend; and he now expected the accusation his supineness merited.

He was mistaken—nothing was further from Verencourt than this intention.

Adelaide de Courville was implicated in the accusation against her mother and Madame St. Herman. The fatal hour, when it was not in the Chevalier's power to rescue her from the prey of an enraged mob, recurred to his recollection: that hour might return—it might be even the next; for, while one part of the Assembly affected to be amused at the disappointment of the ladies, the more numerous and gloomy harangued on the mischiefs that had, in all ages and all states, resulted from female cabals.

This, however, did not please the ladies in the gallery, and the hall was resounding with their "bah, bah," when Verencourt, feeling

feeling the importance of the moment, had directed the glance so misunderstood by the Abbe; it was assistance that he *asked*, not accusation that he *intended*.

A motion was made to send Madame de Courville and her daughter to the Abbay, and to oblige me and my daughter to leave Paris within three hours.

This then was indeed the fortunate moment to save Adelaide, to defend the Marquise, and to oblige her friends. The Chevalier had never before spoken in the Assembly; but he now opposed the last motion with such a flow of eloquence, warmth of sentiment, and dignity of action, as charmed suspicion, and equally surprised and delighted the auditors.

Frenchmen had not yet wholly exchanged the gallantry and politeness which was once the boast of their nation, for the sanguine ferocity which has since been its disgrace; their hearts were not yet invulnerable to female distress; the tear of beauty did not always fall in vain, even at this

this eventful period—and the young orator, who so ably pleaded for the widow and fatherless, was heard with attention, and became the idol of the galleries.

Marat, who on that occasion first emitted his venom in the Assembly, repeated the motion, from which the soul of Verencourt recoiled with horror; but the murmur "No!" "No!" was general, and they passed to the order of the day.

In the mean time Rocquelar, having turned in his mind the conduct of Charles Verencourt, considered, though he had wanted courage to assert the innocence, or to speak in the behalf of the De Courvilles and their friend himself, that was by no means a reason why he might not share the merit with the Chevalier, as he had heretofore done with M. Chevereux; and though he dared not encounter the danger of defending innocent, unprotected, women while they were in a state of accusation, was it to follow he should not be more bold when the danger was passed? In the

moment therefore, when the accusers of the Marquise became her advocates, he resigned his tablets to a deputy, and, leaving the elbow of his chief, hastened to inform her of what had happened, with his own embellishments.

His reception in our little circle was not perhaps marked with that lively gratitude which he expected: the Marquise and her daughter were engrossed by a subject that carried them far, far out of self. We had perceived, from the upper windows of the hotel, a commotion in the streets, which convinced us some extraordinary event agitated the people, and it was not difficult for us to divine the cause. No doubt the family were either gone, or prevented; and the suspense so affected the Marquise, that she was entirely abstracted from her own danger. Adelaide, on the contrary, was all terror, confusion, and despair. If the family *did* escape, her prospect of joining them was indeed far distant; and if they were stopped, if the guard appointed to protect

protect them should fall, the Duke would not survive. It was in vain that I attempted to console, as Charlotte did to amuse her—in vain we anticipated scenes of future happiness and peace—the present, the dreadful, uncertain present, baffled all our endeavours.

The Abbe, whose civicism was known to the guards, had been suffered to pass the vistibule, and there the Marquise, on being informed a visitor was admitted, hastened in her extreme impatience to meet him.

The sight of the Abbe, unannounced, alone, and presumption on his brow, were daggers to the heart of the Marquise. She involuntarily retreated; but recollecting that something might transpire from him to relieve her agonizing suspense, she endeavoured to conceal the hatred he inspired, and, again advancing, cried—"Oh, Monsieur l'Abbe, what is the news? Is the Queen——" Suddenly recollecting herself she stopped.—"Is the Queen acquainted

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with my situation? that I am a prisoner? and cannot attend her?"

The Abbe shrugged his shoulders, raised his black brows, and took out his snuff-box.

"Ah," cried the Marquise, "you do not speak; your looks affright me: Oh, in pity, tell me, is the——what—Oh say what is the news of Paris?"

"The news of Paris, Madame," answered the Abbe, settling his eyes into a most important stare, "the news of Paris is exactly this:—you are—saved—*we* have saved you—yes—you are saved—you and your daughter were both accused, your commitment to the Abbay signed, and you would have been ere now prisoners, if indeed the people had not taken the executive power into their own hands, and hanged you both *à la lanterne.*"

The repulsive looks of the Marquise reminded the Abbe of all her treasons against his sovereign will: he grinded his black

black teeth; his thick brows almost covered the spite of his eyes; and his bronze cheeks turned to a ghastly white. He repeated in a louder voice—"Yes, Madame, you and your daughter would have been both hanged, had not——"

The apprehensive mind of the Marquise took in more of horror from the brutal report of the Abbe, than even he intended: There could be, she thought, but one motive for the cruelty he described—her attachment to the Royal Cause; nor but one event that could put her out of the protection of the law, which was the failure of their escape, and consequent peril to themselves, as well as their friends. The Marquise could not support herself under the shock of this idea; she attempted to return to her apartment, but had not proceeded many steps before she sunk insensible at the feet of the Abbe.

Love, which alleviates sorrow, softens anger, and dispels care in the immortal mind of honourable men, has a contrary

effect where vice degrades the image of the Creator. It was in every point of view the perpetual torment of the little Abbe: the spite and rage, which, but the moment before, darted from his pitiless eyes, and throbbed in his callous heart, vanished at the sight of the fainting Marquise. He supported her in his trembling arms, and while he called aloud for help, imprecated his own brutality.

We were soon alarmed. Adelaide threw herself on her knees before her senseless mother, and in all the impotent frenzy of fear and grief, wept, wrung her hands, tore her hair, and incessantly exclaimed—"They have murdered my father!—Verencourt is lost!—and my mother is dying with grief!"

The slow recovery of the Marquise gave the Abbe time to apologize for his want of caution, and to relate all the occurrences of the day, which, in order to introduce the very zealous part he had taken in them, he represented as infinitely more tragical than they

they really were; but nothing could exceed his astonishment, when the Marquise, falling on her knees, and with a countenance of joyful transport, whispered a thanksgiving ejaculation, when Adelaide suddenly arose, and threw herself into Charlotte's arms, with an emotion of joy that could not be mistaken, and when it was easy to perceive, by all our looks, we seemed to demand the congratulation of each other.

It was in vain the Abbe spoke of the accusation, of the commitment, of the Abbay, and even of the *lanterne;* and it was with no better success that he enumerated arguments never used in our behalf—we all appeared equally insensible to fears, obligation, and gratitude.

"My beloved Queen," whispered the Marquise, bursting into a flood of joyful tears, "her august spouse, her lovely daughter, my beautiful dearest Dauphin, ah, they have all escaped the tygers! they are safe, they are out of the power of their enemies!"

"Verencourt, my Verencourt," said Adelaide exultingly, "is with them; he too is safe."

"In the mean time," said the Abbe with an air of pique, "you should at least rejoice that you have escaped yourselves."

"They are by this time," cried the Marquise, "out of the reach of pursuit."

"And the Duke preceded them," joined Adelaide.

"Well," said Charlotte with affected seriousness, "but we are using the Abbe, from whom we learn such good news, very cavalierly, to keep his reverence all this while in the vestibule."

The Abbe bowed with a cold dissatisfied air, and followed us to the salon, where, at my entreaty, he again went over the danger of the Marquise and her daughter, from which, he repeated, "*we* relieved them." No one had hitherto expressed curiosity about the coadjutor of the Abbe, and the name of the Chevalier did not add to our respect or security.

Charlotte

Charlotte archly asked the Abbe, if, like the *petit* hero of the English stage, he did not first make giants, and then kill them?

Nettled, mortified, and disappointed, the Abbe proudly addressed the Marquise, assuring her that when he had next the honour to serve her, he would not——

"Be the hero of your own tale, Monsieur l'Abbe," interrupted Charlotte.

"No, Mademoiselle Angloise," answered he sternly, as he coldly bowed to the Marquise, "*you* may possibly be the heroine of it."

At any other time the implied threat of this man would have had effect; but the transports of the Marquise, at the escape of the Royal Family, and that of Adelaide, at the certainty that the Duke was in their suite, were unbounded; a kind of wild tumultuous joy took possession of the house, and in the ecstacy of loyal triumph, we ceased to remember that we were *women*, suspected by the mob of Paris,

without protection, and equally exposed to its insatiate fury and injustice.

As we were still strictly guarded, that accounted for our not hearing of the joyful event from some of the many friends to the Royal Family; but we resolved, nevertheless, to celebrate it. The best apartments were lighted up; we supped in state; our domestics, as well as the guards, the latter without knowing why, were well feasted, and we retired to rest in a delirium of happiness.

As it was not often we so indulged, and as it is a rest that will not soon return, I bid Lady N., and her dear family, good night.

H. St. Herman.

PACKET XVI.

THE second day after our high festival had but just dawned, before a tumult in the streets, in which we distinguished the shouts of triumph, changed our joy into fear and apprehension. Soon, too soon, the dismal news, which spread despair among the King's friends, imperfectly reached our hotel, and the songs of triumph with which our guards treated us, in return for their good cheer, confirmed the fatal truth. The unfortunate Monarch, who had been stopped within two posts of the frontiers, was now bringing back a prisoner,

and the National Guards were ordered out for his *protection*.

With the safety of the Royal Family was connected that of all who were dear to them. If they were returning in a state of captivity, of humiliation, of insult—if it was necessary to call out the National Guards to protect their Royal Persons, what must be the fate of their followers?

Adelaide was doomed to be the prey of anguish, even more severe than that of her mother. If the Duke survived, he must join the bands of wretched fugitives, who passed their lives in obscure poverty and vain longings after their dear native household gods; if he did not survive—— But what a thought was that!

The triumph of the Jacobins was complete. Egalité carried himself more erect than ever, and the suspended hopes of the secretary revived. He came to our hotel. The proud Marquise was now reduced to the deepest humiliation and despair; this

was therefore the hour most appropriate for his visit.

He saw the Chevalier enter the gate before him, and actually blushed at a recollection of the false colours in which he had dressed himself, to the robbery of his friend.—Yes, Rocquelar was abashed, and, too much occupied with his own feelings to observe the agitation of the Chevalier, he had the mortification to be refused admittance; but his mind was not of the texture to be long restrained by modesty, or confounded by guilt. Vain of his popular interest, he insisted on entering, resolving to avenge, on defenceless women, any affront from the Chevalier; but he was mistaken in all his conclusions.

The Chevalier had pre-supposed a thousand delightful consequences from the absence of his brother, whose attachment to the Royal Cause he well knew, and expected his exertions and zeal would eventually exile him from France. The detention of Adelaide, in a state to need

his

his protection, was, in that case, an achievement of the most desirable import, as it would give him time to plead, and opportunity to enforce, the passion that connected itself with his vital existence. These were the reflections of the Chevalier, while considering the King as having reached the frontiers, surrounded with the emigrant Princes and Nobles, assisted by his allies, and enjoying his present security with the few devoted friends who preceded and accompanied his flight.

But the King arrested, his humbled state, his disappointment, his danger, his return to the same people who so late, trembling with fear of his just resentment if he prospered, now gloried in his degraded state, and thought only of raising themselves on his downfall, awakened some of the dormant principles of loyalty which the more potent power of love had suspended.

All inconsistency was, indeed, the Chevalier de V. Two days before, he had spoken like a patriot of the Jacobin Club; to-day he

he felt like a son of the house of Verencourt, and mourned over its faded glories. From the melancholy fate of the present Duke de V., it was impossible to detach the benevolence, the urbanity, and the thousand mental graces that adorned his fine figure—the riches, the pride, the power, the ancestry, the honour, the inheritance of their noble race, all gone, destroyed, annihilated; one brother either devoted to death, by his own enraged countrymen, or deprived of all that endears life, and dragging a painful existence in exile.

The other, now rising into popular independence; now sinking under the weight of a wounded spirit, raging with passion, tortured with jealousy, and desperate in despair; now worshipping the memory of his dear and honourable father —then impeaching the faulty arrangements so ruinous to his peace and happiness; following that brother with curses, one moment,

moment, for whom his heart melted in fraternal tenderness the next—"Oh, God!" said he, "and are these the remains of the princely house of Verencourt? Is this all that is left of their ancient dignity? And are the twin sons of the best of fathers, brothers only in misfortune?"—He had, by this time, reached the Hotel de Courville. A domestic officiously opened the gate, rejoiced to recognize one old acquaintance approaching this now desolate mansion. He ascended the well known stairs, and entered the salon; it was empty. Sobs and groans reached him from an interior apartment; his heart smote him. Bursts of sorrow preceded the approach of footsteps: a *femme de chambre* threw open the door. He expected to find Adelaide, in all the transports of grief; he was deceived. It was now known that the arrest of the King had been accomplished without bloodshed, and this had, in some degree, consoled her.

It

It was the Marquise, who, overwhelmed with despair, foreboded the miseries that would follow the return of the Royal Fugitives. She heard the loud exultation of the crowd that filled the streets; their acclamation reached the inner apartment—and every hour presented scenes that warranted the most dismal apprehensions. Such, indeed, was now the ferment of the people, it was dangerous to be suspected of loyalty; and, from the moment it was known that a guard had been set on the Hotel de Courville, it was avoided by common friends, as if a pestilence had broken out there.

The astonishment of the Marquise, at the sight of the Chevalier, was not without a mixture of terror; and the melancholy composure of Adelaide was changed to anxious apprehension.

I alone was collected enough to speak; his countenance, indeed, encouraged me. —"Your brother, Sir," was all I could articulate. Adelaide's eyes repeated "your brother."

brother."—He gazed on her ever-speaking countenance—the sweetly-intere ting look—the fond, but delicate, suspense that swelled her bosom, and banished the rose from her beauteous cheeks.—" Ah, poor brother! thou art no longer remembered with tenderness—family, interest, honour, all receded, in the world of created beings. Charles de V. could now only see, only think of, only adore, Adelaide de Courville."

" Your brother, Sir," I repeated; and Adelaide, no longer able to support her sorrowing mother, exclaimed—" Oh, tell us of your brother!"

He requested the Marquise would give orders not to be disturbed, and then converted our alarms, our fears and distresses, into miserable certainty.

The unhappy fugitives had proceeded, without the smallest interruption, to St. Menehoult, within two posts of the frontiers, where the post-master, who had never been within one hundred miles of Paris,

Paris, nor seen any one of the Royal Family, was so struck with the resemblance of the traveller, to the picture on the assignats, that, without the smallest suspicion the original was before him, he communicated his observation to a neighbour accidentally standing bye.

This man, a hair-dresser, had formerly resided, some time, at Versailles, and often seen the Queen—the model of elegance, the pride of beauty, the "observed of all observers:" and though the laughing graces no longer played in her eyes and dimpled on her cheek, though anxiety and terror by turns pervaded her fine countenance, yet the impression on his memory was indelible; and, instead of attending to the post-master's observations on the male traveller, he suddenly exclaimed—"It is the Queen!"

There needed no more; and the guards, who, by the injudicious zeal of M. Bouillé, and contrary to the advice of the Duke de V., followed the Royal Family, instead of remaining

remaining at their posts, to prevent pursuit or surprise, too certainly confirmed every thing.

The Queen, whom anxiety rendered watchful, fancied something extraordinary in the countenance of the man, and she earnestly conjured the King to quit the carriage with her, and throw themselves on the protection of Providence, before the impossibility of escaping with her children recurred to her recollection; but, her fears increasing, she entreated the King's order for the guards to repel all opposition with arms. The King, fearless, as some say, fearful, as others, declined; and they proceeded to Varennes in a state of terrible anxiety on the part of the Queen, and of fatal irresolution on that of the King.

The Duke de V., who travelled as an Austrian gentleman, waited at every post till he saw the Royal carriages approach in safety, and then proceeded; so that he was ignorant of the event at Varennes, and had waited near two hours before the fatal intelligence

telligence reached him. You already know how a cavalcade so formidable, and who, had they been suffered to act, would have been resolute and faithful, were stopped by a country rabble, by wooden cannon, and by a few rusty arms, without ammunition.

The Queen asserted her fictitious character to the last; but Louis, who had not practised in the school of Canute, believing all that his flatterers told him of the love and veneration of his people, thought he had only to acknowledge his rank to inspire respectful affection, and that implicit obedience would of course follow. Mistaken, unhappy Louis! ignorant, as well as guiltless, of the progressive acts of oppression, by which the luxuries and extravagance of Court caterpillars were supported, at the extorted expence of the domestic blessings of the poor, who, at length, become desperate in misery, knew, that no change could render them less wretched; and found, in the natural state of man, no

reason

reason to prove the justice of laws which sacrificed the industrious poor to the vices of their own species, from whom they received no reciprocal benefit.

Many, indeed, of the lower class had lately been self-taught, without the philosophy of Rosseau or the satire of Voltaire, to reason with boldness on kingly virtues and royal supererogation; so that when the King expected to proceed, and the village Magistrate was told it was the duty of the subject to obey, he insisted on being convinced, whether it was not the King's stronger duty, himself, to obey the Constitution.

The crowd continued to gather, while the time was passed in parley which should have been given to action; for had the guards, who were picked men, been ordered to cut their way through all opposition, they must have reached the frontiers in safety.

The Queen, with bursting heart, pale cheeks, and swimming eyes, cast a reproachful look at the King, pressed the Dauphin

Dauphin to her maternal bosom—and, with Madame Elizabeth and her daughter, followed his Majesty into the post-house.

The coaches in their train came in sight at this moment; and, imagine their consternation when they saw the Royal Family alighting, and the crowd by which they were surrounded.

A gallant young Noble, who, in the disguise of a common man, headed the party, rode on to the house; he demanded the Baroness *Corf.* The answer was laconic and impressive: no such person was in the suite of the King or Queen. The officer resolutely insisted, that the King and his family should be re-conducted to their carriage, and suffered to proceed; and he ordered the troop up to enforce compliance to his demand.

"You may," said the Mayor, "destroy this little town, and murder the inhabitants, for preventing your natural Prince from leaving his kingdom, and joining the enemies of France; but your shall not take him

him from us alive—the moment of our destruction shall be the last of his life."

At this threat, which he had not power to prevent being executed, the King, ever averse to sanguinary measures, quietly resigned himself and family, requesting only to be assured of safety; and he was now, with his followers, on the road to Paris. An ignominious death was expected to be the fate of all the latter; and, although the Chevalier protested his belief that the Duke was not among them, Adelaide was inconsolable.

How shall I describe the awful period, from the time when we heard of his Majesty's captivity, to that of his return to the Thuilleries? Indeed, it was unsafe for any person to be seen who was not publicly known to be inimical to the Capets. Billets, delivered with the utmost caution, was all we now heard of Ninon. The great Orator himself, who perceived that the venom of Marat, and the furious nonsense of the now-rising Robespierre, influenced

influenced the Assembly to decrees with which his conscience could not accord, began to fear for himself, for his riches, and more than either, for his beloved Ninon, which was the reason why he insisted she should neither come to our hotel, nor solicit Charlotte's return to his; but the billets breathed all the unchangeable sentiments of our invaluable little friend.

The arrival of the Royal Fugitives was at length announced, by the screams of plebeian triumph. Their return in safety to the Palace, and the certainty, that they had yet escaped the fury of the myriads of wretches, whose invectives could not fail to reach *their* ears, since *our's* were wounded by them in the most distant part of the hotel, a little revived the Marquise.

The Assembly now proceeded to what they called, political justice. They adverted to the King's speech, his promises, and his oath; and without remembering the subsequent outrages which deprived

him of his authority, and kept the whole Royal Family in peril of their lives forty-eight hours, they accused him of perjury; and interrogated both him and the Queen like common delinquents. Louis did not, in *this* instance, forget what a King should be; he mentioned his *own* danger slightly, but that of his family and friends, whom he was bound to protect, with *energy*. In respect to his oath, he had taken it to support the laws, and not to sanction their violation; and that, in fine, the removing himself from a scene of outrage and confusion, to a place of safety within his own dominions, was a mere exertion of that natural right which was claimed by his meanest subject.

The Queen, with the dignified sense of propriety which marked her actions since the commencement of her troubles, simply answered, that it was the King's will to leave Paris, and no less her duty, than inclination, to be in all places and situations his companion.

But

But to the artful and malignant enquiries respecting the means and confidants of their flight, they both uniformly persisted in a steady undeviating resolution, to preserve sacred the secret of their friends.

The debates that followed in the hall would have disgraced a common tavern. Men of moderate principles and allowed fine understanding, were borne down by the virulence of faction; noise was substituted for argument; the galleries were outrageous; the tribune filled by the refuse of society, whose faces were no less strange than their language—and, though two hundred and ninety Deputies of the original National Assembly had the courage to protest against it, they entirely suspended the King's authority by a very large majority, and decreed, that every individual, who accompanied him in his late flight, should be imprisoned, previous to their trial, as traitors to their country.

Monsieur Chevereux himself contrived

to give us notice of this cruel decree, and to congratulate us on the escape of the Marquise. I cannot describe to you the emotions this news excited. Adelaide threw herself into her mother's arms: we embraced each other; it was a scene of awful and solemn gratulation—and the event which a few days, and even hours since, we had considered as the most bitter misfortune, was now blessed as a peculiar intervention of Providence.

The decree had no sooner passed, than all the attendants, who accompanied the Royal Family, were dragged to the Abbay.

"Great God!" exclaimed Adelaide, "this too would have been the fate of my dearest mother!"

The Court was now a scene of complete desolation: most of those who were in the confidence of the Family, and did not immediately attend them, had emigrated; a few, indeed, who could not obtain passports, might still remain in different parts of Paris—but respect to the Royal Family

was

was become a service of so much danger, that, no wonder, it was almost wholly abandoned.

Nothing, however, could prevent the Marquise from attending her Royal Mistress at this interesting period, although such was the increasing insubordination of all ranks, that she was kindly commanded not to risk her own safety by the performance of a duty which no longer afforded protection.

After confiding Adelaide, in the most solemn and affecting manner, to my care and affection, and receiving my solemn engagement never to forsake her—after a whole night passed in tears, prayers, and lamentation, apostrophising the dead, and vainly calling on the living, judge, my dear Lady N., with what a bursting heart the poor Marquise left us, at day-break, and proceeded on foot, in disguise, through a private avenue of the Palace, to throw herself and her sorrows at the feet of her Royal Mistress, who could only offer friendship and tender-

ness, in lieu of that consoling protection every creature in distress was sure, in her *happier* days, to find from her.

At the Hotel de Courville all our male domestics, who could bear arms, had enrolled themselves in the National Guard, and most of our women were too truly *citoyennes*, to remain in the service of a Courtier. Muller, the German valet I have before mentioned, Cauton, an old groom of the chambers, and a man of colour, one of the former running footmen, with a cook, who had served in two generations of the De Courvilles, were all, beside Adrian and a waiting-woman of mine, who roved like spectres round the splendid hotel.

The mortified pride of the Abbe Rocquelar, at being refused admittance, had been blended with something like fear of two sorts; the first and greatest, no doubt, was the possible re-establishment of the King's authority; the second, that kind of ignoble fear, which is apt to affect guilty minds,

minds, when menaced with discovery of its art or falsehood.

But the Abbe was a rising man; he was perfectly *au fait* in the management of climbing on the shoulders of a sinking friend—to kiss the feet of him who is mounting; he was already a scribbler in Marat's lying Journal, and the invectives of Robespierre was sure of his grimace of approbation, not that he had betrayed the smallest symptom of disaffection to his own great chief. Why, indeed, should he, since Egalité was still the most rich, the most powerful, and the most irrascible of all the enemies of religion, morality, and loyalty?

The Abbe, therefore, rising in his own estimation, as his party rose in theirs, having remembered to forget the noble origin of the Marquise de Courville, and the obscure one of the Abbe Rocquelar, he no longer considered her as the widow of his deceased patron, whom it would once have pained his eyes to look up to; but, as one who

must now look up to *him:* she already stood in need of that protection, which was likely to become every day more necessary—and, in respect to her fortune, all those, who, like himself, were in the safe predicament of having nothing to lose, had no difficulty in settling, that the sure way of securing that, was to entrust it to the care of a true Jacobin.

With these sentiments the Abbe strutted from the hall to the Hotel de Courville, and demanded an audience of its unfortunate mistress. She was absent. He enquired for me, and was admitted.

Great, indeed, had been the changes of all sorts, in the short time that had elapsed since I last saw the Abbe; but none could be more striking than that of his own countenance and manner.

He opened his business with the air of a man who has, with difficulty, prevailed on himself to confer a favour; he instructed me to report his visit to the Marquise, and explain all the reasons, too cogent I confess,

confess, why she should accept his offer—and he strutted off with the same insolence that he entered. I had patience to hear all he was pleased to say; and the moment he was gone, wrote to acquaint the Marquise with his visit, and the purport of it.

The ambitious and revengeful temper of this man was so perfectly understood by the Marquise, that it was with a mixture of fear and indignation she read my letter; and her answer, which was returned by my messenger, proved how much she was embarrassed. She had not power to form any system for herself; a mere rejection, even in the politest terms, would only irritate him—and she had rather die than become his victim. She knew my sentiments were congenial to her own, and implored me to manage for her, in a case of such afflicting desperation.

The Abbe called the next morning, according to his own appointment. He

repeated his demand of an audience of the Marquise; and, on finding she was absent again, accepted me for her substitute.

"Well, Madame," said he, "you have seen your friend?"

"I have heard from her, Monsieur l'Abbe."

"Well, and the result?"

"The result, Monsieur l'Abbe, is, that Madame de Courville has returned to her duty at the Palace, from which no consideration will separate her, while a cloud hangs over the Royal Family."

"Very well, Madame, this is final!"

I bowed. He arose; but spleen and rage swelled every feature of his horrible countenance. He paced the room with fury. At length, without the smallest regard to sex or situation, he broke out, with bitter oaths and the most shocking blasphemy, swearing to be revenged, not only on the whole race of De Courville, but on the Capets themselves, if his offer was not accepted

accepted within eight days; and with this threat, foaming like a madman, he left me in a state of petrified consternation.

As eight days was, however, some relief in respect to time, I forbore to communicate all the outrage of his behaviour, or my own fears, immediately to the Marquise. No precautions on her part, except that of submitting to his degrading proposals, would avert any of the mischiefs he threatened; and though eight days, months, or even years, offered no prospect of escape from his persecution, yet to spare her even a few hours of agony, was desirable.

In the mean time the situation of Adelaide was extremely pitiable. No intelligence had been received of the Duke; and though there did exist a hope, that he had, by reaching the frontiers, escaped the carnage of the King's friends, in the confidence of Bouillé, I most dreaded that his passionate attachment to Adelaide would blind him to the danger of remain-

ing in France; he might, even now, be concealed in Paris, where, if discovered, no protection could avail—and where, if he escaped from the lynx eyes of the jealous Jacobins, it might be reckoned among the saving miracles of old.

Ninon was now permitted to visit us, but with great precaution and privacy. Her father owned himself frightened at the venom with which Marat not only filled his Journals, but spread in the Hall; and, as poor Monsieur Chevereux was not yet initiated into the mysteries of the blasphemous vocabulary, he found himself unqualified to ascend a tribune, where he had once been so conspicuous, and so applauded. The "German Wolf," and her "besotted husband," were phrases he could by no means assimulate to the King and Queen; and he secretly regretted those more decent flourishes of his own, which had contributed to excite that spirit of riot, against which his own nature now revolted.

Madame

Madame Chevereux, on her part, had never ceased to respect a Queen, whose maternal feelings and affections were similar to her own; and the interest of *Madame Royal* superseded every thing but the fame of her husband: that fame, however, began to be of more vexatious consequences than either foresaw. Many eyes were upon him; to advance was fearful—to retreat, impossible. In a word, Monsieur *l'Avocat* would, at this moment, gladly renounce the fame of a great Orator, provided he could have exchanged it for a safe retreat, with Madame Chevereux, Ninon, and his immense riches; but, as this was not the season to make any such experiment, he endeavoured to content himself with being an hearer at the Hall, and an Orator at home.

Ninon, the still delicate friendly Ninon, delivered none of her mother's various messages to invite Charlotte's return to them; on the contrary, her disinterested friendship foreboded dangers of which we

were unconscious, and she earnestly urged us to quit France.—" You cannot," said she, with all the energy of friendship, " save your friends from one of the many impending misfortunes; you may share, but cannot prevent them. Embrace, then, your own safety. Your Ambassador will not be long with us; and the moment he retires, all of your country will be considered as enemies. These are politics I learn of my father, and I beseech you to believe them infallible. Let me know that my Charlotte is safe—it will comfort me in a separation, which, I trust, will not last for ever."

The advice of Ninon was the last either Charlotte or I were disposed to take. The resolution to live and die with our friends, proceeded from motives, on which change of circumstances had no influence, and we resolved not to depart from it.

On a consultation, however, with the Marquise and Adelaide, under the sanction of still higher authority, we agreed that Charlotte

Charlotte should return to the house of Monsieur Chevereux, who was the only person from whom we could hope to learn the truth of passing events. It was, indeed, necessary to keep the parents in good humour, whose only child was so sincerely attached to us; and I returned with her this evening myself, to pay Madame Chevereux a visit.

Her supper table was, as usual, very well filled: M. Egalité, the Chevalier, and the Abbe Rocquelar, with several of their party, were present. The former, who valued himself on declining a regency—no one ever thought of offering to him—piqued himself on the character of Roman virtue; but he had no longer the wise Mirabeau to regulate his actions, or prompt his speech. Bereft of so able a guide, the former were rash, inconsistent, and deceitful—the latter, futile, extravagant, and vindictive, without common sense, either to veil his natural cunning, or cover his more unnatural designs. His conversation

was

was a mixture of boasting of himself, reflections on the good King, and rancorous abuse of the Queen.

The Abbe Rocquelar, conscious of his encreasing power, presumed now to think and speak for himself; even his great patron looked surprised at the freedom of inuendos, which no one but myself understood.

The Chevalier, who, I observed, looked extremely pale, remained silent and abstracted. I left them at an early hour, and returned home, fatigued and out of spirits. I found Adelaide had retired early, also much indisposed. Charlotte was waiting for me; and I was beginning to relate the conversation of M. Chevereux—but, to our mutual surprise, the Chevalier was announced.

It was not in my nature to receive this apostate with kindness; his presence, indeed, always recalled to my memory every circumstance of the death of his noble father, and I could not behold him without recollecting,

recollecting, that he was the source of all the sorrows of my poor Adelaide, nor without the most fearful apprehensions of what she might still have to suffer from him. My reception was, therefore, cold, and perhaps forbidding. He did not appear to observe it, but took his seat with an appearance of apathy, very unusual with him; but the instant the domestic withdrew, he became sufficiently animated. He eagerly enquired after Adelaide; condemned the Marquise for returning to Court; insisted on the infinite service he had rendered her, by preventing her from joining the Royal Fugitives; and he *modestly* adverted to that he had done me, in obstructing my removal from Paris with *two* daughters instead of one.

My countenance, you will believe, expressed little gratitude for a favour of which I had not before given him the entire credit; and I was retracing some of the circumstances when he interrupted my reverie,

reverie, by asking, if I knew where his brother then was?

I answered, I should ask that of him, who seemed to be the arbiter of all our fates.

"You would, without doubt," said he, "tell me, if you knew he was in France."

I was silent.

"And, consequently, if I am in possession of any such intelligence, you would expect I should be equally communicative."

I was still silent.

"Ah!" said he, colouring, "insensible, accursed St. Herman, what of misery and guilt do I not owe to that steady inflexible temper?"

I started. He continued.

"Yes, it is to you, your sentiments, your instructions, your example, I owe the stubbornness of Adelaide. To imitate you, she abandoned the characteristic of her country—of her sex. You were ever

partial

partial to my brother; you impressed his fancied virtues on her mind; you taught her to distinguish, to prefer—and such infinite wisdom could not possibly overlook the advantages of an elder brother."—Fire flashed from his eyes.

I told him he honoured me too much; that Mademoiselle de Courville required no such aids; that her own judgement taught her to distinguish, and she wanted not fortitude to adhere to the election of reason.

"And where now," said he, "is your hero?"

"No matter," replied Charlotte; "if he lives—it is with honour."

"Good; but if dead—if he should no longer live to triumph over his unfortunate younger brother?"

The firmness, of which he accused me, failed; I could not restrain my tears.

"What then will the pupil of Madame St. Herman—what, indeed, will Madame St. Herman herself, the destined mother-in-law of the *Chevalier*——"

He

He stopped, evidently struggling with his feelings. I did not appear to notice it; and he resumed, with a countenance and voice of more sorrow than anger—

"What then will the families of the De Verencourt and De Courville do for an hero?"

"Ah, Chevalier!" I replied, "say rather a protector—alas! they have none. Your noble mother is a fugitive from her country. Your father, the most regretted, most noble of men, need I *remind you,* is no more—the Marquis de Courville murdered in cold blood—his widow and child taking refuge, where, perhaps, they are least safe from the insults of the meanest reptiles."

He indignantly asked, if I included him in that description? And, after I had recapitulated the death of his father, the emigration of the Duchess, and the situation of Adelaide de Courville, he dared to ask me, if I understood his character? I could

could have told him, that to understand and to abhor it, was one sentiment; but the peril of the times sanctioned insincerity. Instead of giving him a direct answer—"The Abbe Rocquelar," said I, "however he may change in other respects, is still himself in presumption."

"That is a misfortune," he replied, "so very common, I wonder you condescend to remark it. Charles de V., for instance, must unfortunately be *himself*."

"Oh, would to God he were!" said I, eagerly.

He again coloured.—"Well, Madame, but the Abbe Rocquelar?"

"Yes," joined Charlotte, "that Abbe—him who was the cringing dependant of the Marquis de Courville, raises his audacious hopes to the widow of his patron; he even commands and threatens. You profess to adore Adelaide—Oh! do you not feel this insult to her mother? Is it possible you can hear of it without emotion?"

"Without

" Without doubt," he replied, " it is extremely distressing—the ladies are prodigiously to be pitied. They are beloved by two men who can, in a moment, insure the safety of their lives and fortunes—who could even serve the cause most dear to them; but these men happen to be *reptiles*, whom their sage friend cannot possibly approve."

" Good Heaven! what do I hear? A son of the Duke de V. class himself with a malignant, vicious, renegade priest, who, while it served as a cloak to cover his iniquity, professed religious zeal, and who abandoned his sacred calling, the moment it served his interest! Is this," I continued, with astonishment, " that Charles de Verencourt I once knew? Can it be the same lovely boy whose opening mind promised so much? who I have so often seen blessed by a noble father, and pressed to the heart of the best of women? whose youth was instructed by the Abbe Riccobini? who——"

" Yes, yes," interrupted the Chevalier, in a faltering voice, vainly endeavouring to

to hide an unbidden tear, "and you may add, who accelerated his father's death—that same Verencourt, the unhappy victim of a passion, the most violent, irresistible, and persevering—him whose whole life is doomed to anguish, by one ungrateful woman. What of misery have I not endured—into what a gulph of guilt has my soul not been plunged—what of danger, of desperation, would I not face, parricide, fratricide, and at last, perhaps, regicide! All this you behold in Charles de V.; but it is not me, it is Adelaide on whom all my guilt must rest—you have no right to reprove; no, rather pity the distractions that still urge me on from ill to ill, while the lovely phantom, I shall follow to death, evades my pursuit. This, Madame, is the bane, this the curse, of De Verencourt. Spirit of my beloved, my noble father!" cried he, clasping his hands, and no longer ashamed of his tears, "if yet thou art permitted——!"

Sensible of the unfortunate truths he was uttering, and pitying the struggles of a mind

mind once virtuous, it was with difficulty I could implore him not to call on the dead, the sacred dead, but rather to rejoice that his father was no longer sensible of——

"The apostacy of his son—it is, indeed, dreadful," said he, "and here it cannot, will not stop. If then you respect the fallen house of Verencourt—if the fate of Adelaide be dear to you—if not on principle, at least in policy, be my advocate. Make Adelaide mine—give her to my desiring heart—save me from plunging deeper into guilt—and permit me also to save *her*."

"You ask an impossibility."

"No."

I saw his countenance turn to a deadly pale.

"Your brother——"

"He is no more!"

I felt the blow at my heart. Charlotte shrieked—"No more! Where—when? Oh! the noble! the hero! is he then, at last, indeed fallen, with all his well-earned honours fresh and unfaded?—is he, indeed, dead?

dead? Alas! here, in this spot, I received his last embrace. Adelaide, sweetest, fairest flower, well may she now droop! the light of her soul is darkened for ever!"

She knew not what she uttered—I was drowned in tears. The Chevalier turned to me; he begged me not to let that fiend torture him, and put into my hand a letter, which he desired might not be read till after his departure.

After a short pause, he again solemnly addressed me.

"You were shocked, and well you might, when I classed myself with the Abbe Rocquelar; yet he, like me, has long indulged a hopeless passion, and, like me, will sacrifice all to the sovereign desire of his soul—in that, at least, we are equal. But, if I might call the Marquise—mother, if the honour of her family were mine, I should look indignant on such a pretender; I should conduct her, you, and all, to a place of safety; then, with the stranger peace, to renovate expiring virtue, I should be again

a Verencourt. Think of this, Madame; evince your solicitude for the safety of your friends, by advising the idol of my soul to reclaim me from error, and save herself."—He then suddenly left us to the sad explanation contained in the letter. It was fatally decisive. The writing was the trembling, though certain, characters of the Abbe Riccobini: I could not transcribe it; but no time will efface the contents from my recollection. "He accused the Chevalier of having suborned a domestic to betray the Duke to the wretches, who, tempted by the reward offered by the Jacobins, were in pursuit of him.

"Whether by chance, or design, was not ascertained, but the Duke had travelled, in disguise, near the monastery where his aged tutor was a prisoner, and in sight of several of the monks, was overtaken by four soldiers of the National Guard, by whom, as he refused to surrender, he was immediately assaulted. He sold his life dear: before the monks could reach the spot,

spot, two of the soldiers lay breathless by his side, the others were covered with blood; and, no doubt, believing him also dead, had riffled his pockets and departed.

"On examining the body, the monks found there was yet life, and Christian charity impelled them to carry it to the monastery, where, in mean attire, covered with blood, and just expiring, the Abbe Riccobini recognised the Duke de V. A sigh, a look, a faint pressure of the hand, in the moment his soul was "retiring into its rest," proved that he also recognised the man, who now felt more than paternal agony. He was privately interred in the cloister of the monastery; and the Chevalier was conjured not to expose the sanctuary of the dead to violation, by disclosing the particulars which the Abbe felt it a painful duty to send him. He should soon, he added, join the virtuous spirit, which had long been the object of his tenderest affection; and he concluded—"Let me, for the last

time, implore the son of my first, noble, and righteous patron, to know himself, and fall prostrate before the altar of him he has offended."

I could well conceive the tears of blood such an event would cost the pious Riccobini; and in what a situation did it leave the amiable De Courvilles! eminent in beauty, virtue, and goodness, to what an alternative were they reduced! If the Marquise could outrage every sentiment of delicacy, every respect to herself, her rank, and her family, by accepting the profane vows of the Abbe Rocquelar, her daughter might be protected from the still more culpable Chevalier; or if Adelaide could be brought to bear an union so unnatural, as that with the Chevalier, her mother might be protected from the Abbe.

"Oh, horrible!" cried Charlotte, "must then one of those amiable creatures doom themselves to certain misery, to preserve the mere existence of the other? But why do

do I talk of existence, when we have yet to disclose what will destroy them?"

The Duke then, as I foreboded, preferred danger, and even death, near the treasure of his soul, to remaining in safety on the frontiers—and he fell—the brave, virtuous young man, fell into the murderous hands—a victim to honour and love. A second time was Adelaide to experience all the pangs of grief for his loss; and could we conquer our own regret, so far as to view this event through the medium of calm philosophy, we even might have been thankful that he had escaped the ignominy which attended the death of his compeers, in that fatal misadventure.

But, however desirable the fortitude which is inspired by philosophy, the collected conversation, and indecent energy, with which the Chevalier urged a hope, founded on the recent murder of his only brother, filled me with no less disgust than astonishment. Had it been once, sworn to me, that one so good humoured, so affectionate, so

pleasant in youth, could have reached such a refinement of barbarity so early in life, I would not have believed it: and even with the evidence of my own senses, it appeared so incredible, that I again examined the letter, with the faint hope of discovering that it was a forgery; but no, I could not mistake the hand-writing—and, what I had not before observed, it was enclosed in an envelope from the Abbe Mauray, with whose writing I was also well acquainted, and whose character was too sacred, even in these bad times, to be adduced in support of falsehood.

I found the Marquise extremely affected; the misfortune, my looks confirmed, had reached the Court.—"My poor, poor Adelaide!" she cried, "how shall we conceal this sad event from her? Dear St. Herman, assist me to keep her in ignorance of this last dreadful blow. Suspense is, indeed, painful; but it is not despair; time will soften a blow that may now destroy her."

I knew

I knew not what to advise, for no doubt, the Chevalier would not fail to make his acquisitions public. The Languedoc estates were seized by Municipal Officers, in the name of the nation; he would, of course, apply for restitution. He had proved it was no part of his future plan, to cease persecuting Adelaide with his addresses; he would appear in mourning, and there was no preventing his visits at the Hotel de Courville. These conclusions were so obvious, that our concern for the second-time widowed heart of the dear sufferer, almost, in the moment, blunted our grief for the premature fate of the amiable Duke. We, however, determined on taking every precaution to keep it from her knowledge at present, and to prepare her mind, by degrees, when it was no longer possible to conceal it.

"Dear child," said the Marquise; "so early and so fondly attached, as they were, to each other, their sentiments, habits, and disposition, so exactly congenial, were

they not animated by one soul?—Alas! that soul is now for ever divided."

The reform, which was now carried to the most profane excess, was a heavy calamity on females, who wished only for an equality with angels. In the situation of Adelaide, how desirable would have been a peaceful and secure retreat within the walls of a Convent! But the new power of France respected neither religion nor its votaries; they had already given liberty to such of the *religeuse* as would accept it, and rendered the situation of those who did not, no less irksome than insecure.

On leaving the Castle, with the strong idea that the Chevalier's new honours would be public enough, it struck me that I would call on the Chevereux.

I found I was not deceived in my expectations: he had announced his brother's death there, and M. Chevereux was actually gone to the hall to support the motion of his friend Egalité, for his second investment in the family estates; it was, however, superseded

superseded that day, by the more important claim of reward to the surviving wounded National Guards, whose two comrades lost their lives in attempting to take the traitor De Verencourt prisoner.

The identity of the slaughtered Noble was proved by a tablet, a watch, and some money, taken out of his pocket, and by one of the men, who had formerly been his domestic, having a perfect recognition of his person.

The papers were sealed up for the future inspection of the Assembly, and the watch, seals, and money, given to the soldiers, with orders to divide the value with the widows of their two comrades—and thus was settled a price of the blood of one of the first Nobles in France.

The attachment of Ninon to the Duke de Verencourt, though changed to the most tender and disinterested friendship, was yet too lively and sincere to render her indifferent to his fate. I visited her in

her chamber. If Ninon could give happiness, if she could administer consolation, how ready and how active was she always found! but it was in solitude, silent, and uncomplaining, that I found her greatly indisposed, her spirits weak, her nerves affected, and, as she in a whisper said, her heart broken.—"Dear, gentle, amiable Ninon," said I, secretly resolving to spare Charlotte to the patient sufferer, if I should find the precaution I had taken, to bar every access against ill news, had succeeded at home.

I told Adelaide simply, that Ninon was indisposed, and she was herself the first to propose Charlotte's visit; she accordingly went, and her daily billets were almost as acceptable to me, as her society could be to Ninon.

All the public affairs were talked of at the suppers of Madame Chevereux; from thence we first heard of the happy consequences which resulted from the meeting of the Jacobin mob, in the Champ de Mars,

Mars, to demand an accusation of the Sovereigns, as well as their unfortunate adherents.

The *tocsin,* which always gave me an ague fit, had warned us of the insubordinate assemblage; but it was from Charlotte we learned the indignation expressed by La Fayette, when he dispersed them, and the serious alarm of the Moderates, at the idea of receiving laws from the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. The Ministers flocked round the King, who immediately agreeing to accept the constitutional laws, congratulations flowed in from all parts, and the Castle resumed its courtly appearance.

The carriage of the Marquise, in which she had not lately dared to appear, drove into her court, with her usual suite; and Adelaide met her, with the exclamation of—"Oh, that my Verencourt were *here now!*"

The Marquise changed colour; I affected to look another way; Adelaide steadily observed us both—her countenance

fell—she remained silent. The Marquise, recovering herself, was repeating all the circumstances that led to our present security, but Adelaide retired in silence to her chamber, and left us to our usual undecisive consultation.

While we were arranging and disarranging, unable to fix on a mode of communicating to her the killing intelligence, a shriek reached us from her apartment, and we found her senseless on the floor, with a letter laying by her. Whether the purse of the Chevalier had operated more forcibly than my commands, or whether the change in public affairs rendered the domestics more careless, I never could understand; but the letter, of which I subjoin a copy, was delivered to Adelaide by the groom of the chamber.

LETTER.

" Concluding, my charming cousin, that your friends may, in tenderness to

to you, have concealed an event, which I have the strongest reasons to *know*, it is necessary you should be acquainted with—I inform you, with deep regret, that my brother met his fate, near two months back, on the road leading to ————, about fifty yards from the monastery of ————, where, I presume, he meant to seek an asylum with our venerable tutor, the Abbe Riccobini. All the particulars of this fatal affair, which, for reasons explained in the Abbe's letter, it was improper to investigate, are left with Madame St. Herman; but as it contained injurious suspicions of him, whose greatest crime and greatest misfortune has been loving too well, I feel myself bound to clear my honour from so base an imputation. My brother entered France, well knowing at what penalty. I am accused of suborning a domestic to betray him. The man still lives; he is, doubtless, a notorious villain —but he will not dare to name me as privy to the assassination of my brother. Adored

Adelaide,

Adelaide, you must now be mine; your safety—your fortune—your life—nay, the safety and life of her to whom you owe your's, can only be secured by your becoming mine. Reflect, but do not hesitate; more than *my* fate, more than your *own*, depends upon your determination. The instant you pronounce "be blest," you will be safe—your mother protected—and all, all your friends mine. We must dispense with that delicate regard to etiquette, which are due to better times; the necessity of the present requires promptitude of execution. Believe me, I take no advantage of situation in thus urging you—you must decide."

Our poor Adelaide had only read to the death of the Duke. She now reclaimed the letter with the most affecting earnestness, and demanded of me that from the Abbe Riccobini.—"You kept it from me," said she,

she, " Alas ! to what purpose ? Is not his death decisive ? Has not the ruthless stab of the murderers reached his heart ? Did he not abandon M. Bouillé ? Did he not leave the frontiers ? Did he not exchange safety for death ? When he left Paris, he was impelled by honour and duty ; when he returned, had he a motive but Adelaide ? Ah no, no ! Blessed be the monastery that rescued the remains of the first of men from the unhallowed touch of villains !— blessed be that man whose holy life is religion's best advocate, who dropped the tear of fond regret on his noble dust ! Oh, thou apostate ! how has iniquity debased every sentiment of thy soul ! Go, thou, riot in the inheritance of thine only brother ! Abjure the distinction of which thou art unworthy ; but hope not, dare not to hope that any danger, that death itself, can divide one thought, one sentiment, from him whose monument is in my heart ! Oh no, no ! Poor Chevalier ! what importance

dost thou attach to that existence which is no longer of value to me?"

You may imagine how we were affected; it seemed as if the heart of Adelaide had been so often torn by distress, that she was at length superior to it, had not the death-like paleness of her countenance, faltering accents, and universal trembling, betrayed the conflict within.—"I understand," said she, "now the motive that carried Charlotte to poor Ninon: let her remain there; they will both have business in this world long after I have left it."

It was in vain that I offered to send for Charlotte. Ninon, I assured her, was better, she was recovering.—"If," replied the dear creature, "I know any thing of Ninon, the idea that Charlotte was returned to me, on account of my affliction, would retard her recovery. I entreat you to promise that poor girl shall not be robbed of a single comfort."—Tears succeeded this unusual exertion of fortitude; but they were not

not tears of relief: she, indeed, looked and acted like one who had no further concern in this world.

The Chevalier wrote every day. He implored and reasoned with equal ill success. He appealed to me. I had neither ability nor inclination to aid him. He wrote to the Marquise, and even addressed her august friend, who, with her usual delicacy, declined to interfere; but the Marquise, tormented by the Abbe, insulted by his professions, and really terrified at his oblique threats, began to speak of the Chevalier, if not with less disgust, at least without the horror she felt at the Abbe.

Adelaide, however, continued so weak, melancholy, and abstracted, that we had not the heart to advert either to the perseverance of the Chevalier, or the presumption of the Abbe.

As Charlotte had often visited us, though Adelaide would not permit her stay, I was much surprised one morning at seeing Ninon

Ninon accompanying her, and understanding her visit was expected; she was sadness personified. She entered the chamber trembling and agitated. Adelaide embraced her with warmth; she examined her countenance and dress, which was deep mourning, with peculiar attention. As I had not been the confidant of this visit, I naturally thought myself a restraint, and retired to the adjoining apartment; but I was soon recalled. I found Ninon on the ground, her head bent over the knees of Adelaide, who, pale, almost motionless, and with closed eyes, was supported by Charlotte, herself looking like a marble statue. I blamed them all, and was very glad when the visitor took her leave.

Adelaide was so extremely indisposed the whole evening, that I sent for the Marquise. The physicians were seriously alarmed. We sat up with her; but as she grew more composed towards morning, after taking soporific medicines, I persuaded her mother to retire, and, having again

again seen that Adelaide was still composed, went to my own chamber.

I had not been five minutes there, before I heard a violent tumult and uproar round the house. I ran to the front windows. Not only the street, but the court, were crowded with wretches, whose ferocious looks could not be easily forgotten. They were, they said, come to burn the hotel.

"Why," said our poor Swiss, "why would you burn so fine a building? Do you know how long it has stood?"

"We know nothing of that," replied a monster in the shape of a woman; "but we known its time for standing now is very short."

"The more is the pity," replied the Swiss; "you will be sorry when it is too late."

"Not at all," said the woman; "it is never too late to be sorry;" and they were pushing on.

"You will at least hear what these good gentlemen have to say on the subject."

It was the Abbe Rocquelar bustling in before the General, at the head of the National Guards.

The popularity of Fayette was declining very fast; but he was beloved as a general, and the National Guards obeyed him with alacrity. He attempted to speak to the mob; but they were too much out of humour to listen to him. The owner of the hotel was a German: that was an argument against which no eloquence could prevail. He obliged them to depart, without convincing them it was right so to do; but as they were economists of time, and determined not to return thriftless to their homes, they proceeded with such haste and rancour from the Hotel de Courville to the Palais de Verencourt, that although it was a very well known fact, that fine building, which indeed was already defaced, had passed from a deceased noble of the old *régime*, to a living patriot of the new, it was reduced to a heap of ruins, and the whole neighbourhood illuminated by the fire,

fire, which burned all the remaining rich furniture and hangings, always excepting what was secreted by the most patriotic, for their own private use and emolument.

The Abbe Rocquelar was extremely attentive to the safety of our house and furniture, looking upon it, probably, as eventually his own.

He demanded to see the Marquise; but seemed satisfied with the apology which the illness of Adelaide and her own fatigue furnished.

I could not account for it, nor, as he did not think it necessary to explain the motive, could I ask; but he actually put his seals on all the repositories in which he knew the archives and family jewels were deposited.

The General, who behaved with his usual politeness, could not fail to observe this extraordinary manœuvre of the Abbe; I saw it struck him with as much surprise as it did me. He left his compliments for the Marquise; and for the second time thought it

it necessary to leave a guard in the court of the hotel.

In the evening the Chevalier presented himself. I condoled with him on the destruction of his palais. He seemed to give no attention to that, but enquired with energy after Adelaide.—" Our affairs," said he, " are drawing to a deceitful crisis. Sixty members are appointed to wait on the King with the new constitution. He agrees to accept it, and a calm will succeed, so short, that it will only allow me time to remove you all out of danger, if Adelaide consents; but if she hesitates, if she refuses, it is not only her and you, but myself, we are all lost; for I dare not proceed in the labyrinth before me."

I remonstrated on the cruelty of urging his suit at this period, when the weakness of her spirit and debility of her body menaced a very speedy end to his persecutions. I reproached him for the clandestine delivery of his letter; and asked how he could clear himself from accusations which

the

the Abbe Riccobini would never make on slight grounds.

He interrupted me with solemn asseverations, that the man whom the Abbe mistook for his spy, was, as he before said, a domestic of his own ; that he was now out of France, but would, at some future period, be forthcoming. While he was yet speaking, Rocquelar appeared, without ceremony or apology. Their two faces were each correct indexes of incorrect minds; the Abbe pale, the Chevalier red ; and I could see the struggling passions were not a little troublesome to both.

The fact was, the two friends perfectly understood, and were mutually distrustful of each other, from the obvious conclusion, that the victory of the one would be the other's defeat.

Apparently fearful of touching on the business that brought them together, they began to converse on public affairs. The Chevalier did not doubt the King's acceding to the wishes of his people.

" He

"He has no choice; *if* he again prevaricates——" The *if* of the Abbe, under his dark contracted brow, was indeed impressive.

"The King will *not* prevaricate," said I.

"He had better not."

A pause ensued.

The Abbe then slightly touched on the injuries sustained in the Palais de Verencourt, and more elaborately explained those which he had called on the General to prevent at the Hotel de Courville.

A suspicious glance darted from the eye of the Chevalier. He that saved, the one to pay court to the Marquise, might perhaps favour the destruction of the other, to lessen, according to minor politics, the consequence of the owner in her estimation. If this was the Chevalier's idea, he was not singular, for it had struck me at the same instant.

The Abbe looked at his watch. He spoke of an appointment they both had at that hour, and the Chevalier owned the time

was

was expired; yet neither inclined to leave the other master of the field. Weary of a contest so uninteresting, I apologized for retiring, and saw them pass the portico together.

Soon after they were gone, our porter, with tears in his eyes, came to tell me that Michal, the porter of the Palais de V., wished to speak with me. The poor old man, who had been always used to look up to the De Verencourts, as the first people, and who had himself been respected on account of his employment in so great a family, could not prevail on himself to say "M. de Verencourt;" and therefore distinguished the late Duke by tears, and his successor, as "the present owner of the palais:" He should lay in his portico, he said, as long as one stone rested on another; but as to repairing, as it was quite uncertain how soon the rage of demolishing might begin again, he hoped I should advise the present owner not to think of repairing a Duke's palais, when there were

no Dukes to inhabit them. The poor old man left me in tears.

I had then the curiosity to examine the seals affixed by the Abbe.—They bore his initials; a crest would have been too ridiculous. What he could mean by this strange ceremony, it was impossible for me even to guess; perhaps to intimidate us from removing them without his permission, or perhaps to prove to the Marquise how entirely he is master of her fate and fortune.

Madame Chevereux, who came in a few minutes after the Abbe and the Chevalier had left the hotel, expressed an alarm and feeling for us, of which I did not think her capable. The smallest objection on the part of the King, would, it was the Advocate's opinion, be fatal to his friends. She insisted that the Hotel de Courville was not a place of safety, and invited us all to accompany her home. I should not, I believe, have been heroine enough to brave the danger she predicted, had Adelaide been in a situation

a situation to be removed; but her fever had so considerably increased, that I could not think of moving, much less of leaving her. I, however, directed all the outer gates to be kept fast, and no stranger to be admitted, and wrote a note to the General, claiming his former promise of protection, which Madame Chevereux undertook to have delivered to him by a good citizen; and, on the whole, I found her a much more reasonable humane woman, and less of a patriot than I ever expected.

The day, however, passed, and closed with more tranquillity and promise of future peace than any we had lately known.

The Marquise came to us in the evening, to exchange joyful intelligence. Adelaide's fever had subsided, she spoke with composure and resignation—that we had to tell her; while she, with a satisfied exultation, confirmed what we had before partially heard from Ninon.

The King had done that with a good grace, which he could not refuse without

immediate danger to himself and friends. He received the deputation in full Court, surrounded by his Ministers, and all of any rank who yet remained in Paris, and persevered in their attachment to the Royal Family. He accepted the constitution, confirmed the laws it enacted, and agreed to receive his guard from the Parisian Corp of National Guards.

This conduct, so little expected, and so little wished by the Jacobins, operated on their rancour like a styptic. Part of the Commissioners looked petrified; others could not, even in the Royal presence, help communing with each other on their disappointment; while the better disposed shared the satisfaction and confidence of the King's friends.

The return of the deputation was greeted with tumultuous joy; the most perfect harmony seemed to be restored; and though our little circle was deprived of its beloved and noble protector, such was the miserable state to which we had been lately reduced, that

that despoiled of fortune, dear connexion, and almost hope, mere personal safety appeared a blessing of the greatest magnitude.

Ninon now became our constant visitor, and, as well as Adelaide, wore the deepest mourning. This was a compliment dearly due to the memory of our young hero; and as there were now no existing motives for concealing either his death or our regret, the family and domestics also put on the colour of grief.

Adelaide never looked more beautiful, never half so interesting; but the incertitude of a conventual profession in France did not weaken her desire to embrace it. What indeed was France but the grave of all her hopes? She would go to Italy, she declared, as soon as tranquillity was enough restored to permit her to reach Rome in safety. Yes, the dear Duchess would receive her with joy; she would mingle tears with blessings, and from her, with whom

her happiest years had been passed, she would not in death be divided.

Ninon, the pretty gentle Ninon, or, as her mother would say, the great heiress of the great orator and great patriot, would also accompany Adelaide, and be, like her, professed.—Who indeed so qualified for companions, as those whom unity of sentiment attract to one object?

Charlotte opposed this plan of the two visionaries with all her might, notwithstanding they appointed her heiress to all their fortunes; no small bribe, at least on the part of Ninon: too small, however, to purchase either her silence or acquiescence, she was continually raving against nuns and nunneries; there was small merit, she thought, in a retirement, when it was no longer voluntary.

Adelaide supported her side of the argument with equal pertinacity; and as it was a point on which neither would yield to the other, I was the more inclined to be

of

of the neutral party, as I perceived it often relieved Adelaide from fits of profound melancholy, in which she was too fond of indulging.

The public tranquillity bore now a most flattering appearance, and Paris was as near running mad with loyalty, as they had a few days before been with rebellion.

A new federation was ordered, an altar erected, and the laws consigned to the Legislative Body, to the King, to the vigilance of fathers of families, to wives, to mothers, and to the affections of young citizens. This reads very well, you will say—yes, and it was moreover not a little politic.

The ladies of the lower order had been too conspicuous to be neglected on so remarkable an occasion.

There was also a corp of terribles, called the "Hope of France"—boys, whose youthful feelings were cauterized by a familiarity with blood; these, under the

class of young citizens, were no doubt "affectionate defenders of the law."

All the world were now going to the celebration of this grand ceremony: an hundred and fifty pieces of cannon were discharged; the Champ de Elysée's, and indeed the whole city, illuminated.

One circumstance occurred, which would have disqualified us from joining in the appearance of the general joy, had we been so inclined. The Assembly passed a decree on this morning of general amnesty, including all who assisted in the King's flight, excepting those who emigrated, either at that time or since.

The misfortune of the Duke's return to France, at a period of such general fermentation, renewed the regret of his friends, and added to the grief of our poor Adelaide. Had he remained at the frontiers, as he safely might, within the French lines, had he repaired to Languedoc, or could he have reached Paris, he would have been now restored to us.

Adelaide

Adelaide de Courville possessed an uncommon dignity of mind: tender, obliging, and accommodating, as were all her sentiments and actions towards others, she had a strength of resolution, in matters where reason and judgment accord, which, in weaker minds, might be mistaken for obstinacy. She wearied nobody with complaints; her tears were now confined to her own apartments; and judging by her evident desire to contribute to the happiness of her friends, those who knew her less than myself would infer, from the melancholy smile that sometimes dimpled round her mouth, it was a presage of returning peace. I had not courage to undeceive the Marquise; but I knew the heart of Adelaide. Had I not indeed formed it? and could I myself forget such a man as Louis de Verencourt? Never, never—nor could she.

Well, Madame, if to strip the Royal Family of every appendage to splendor, and to sink them to the level of the patriots of the

day, were essential to the weal of these strange people, they were this evening completely gratified.

The King, the Queen, the Dauphin, and the two Princesses, went to the Champ de Elysées, in a single coach, without guards, attended only by *lacquais*, and those not in livery.

Good God! what a lesson for temporary grandeur!

The Queen looked around, when stepping into her carriage, with an expression of indignant grief that cannot be described. The ladies of the Court, distressed and humbled, in the person of their Royal Mistress, were actually in tears. The Marquise was obliged to return to her apartment; and not one of the other ladies would have been drawn to so mortifying a spectacle by any motive but official duty.

Madame Chevereux, though extremely disconcerted by the plain coats of her domestics, insisted on exhibiting herself with as much eclat as the frigidity of the times

times allowed; and the attendance of Ninon, who was becoming a second-self to Adelaide, was only dispensed with on condition that Charlotte would supply her place. She affected to grumble; but I suspected her sincerity, as she had before given her opinion that the appearance of a King, as a private citizen, would be extremely interesting, and occasion as many extravagancies from the effect of sorrow, as from that of joy: she had even expressed some curiosity to witness a scene, such as never yet had, and from her soul she hoped, never would again outrage propriety and common sense With these sentiments it could not be with great reluctance that she stepped into the carriage of Madame Chevereux, quite unattended, as we feared the mourning worn by our domestics would offend the high and mighty of the mob.

M. Egalité and his secretary, with a few dear friends, chose to celebrate the orgies

of this grand festival, at a private house in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine.

M. Verencourt was at the Champ de Elysée, most attentively respectful to the Royal Family; and whatever disgust was inspired by his actions and his character, he could not be recognised as the son and brother of the two late Dukes, without attracting some of the respect attached to their characters. He spoke civilly to Charlotte, rattled away to Madame Chevereux, and enquired, with great apparent solicitude, after Madame de Courville, and her daughter.

Charlotte returned in extreme dejection: her heart, she said, was not the only one by half a million, that was ready to burst with sensations they dared not display; even Madame Chevereux, she protested, laughed with one eye, and cried with the other.

I shall conclude this packet, after telling you that the Marquise, who was too much indisposed to attend the public supper at the

the Thuilleries, informed us that the Chevalier had demanded a private audience of his Majesty, which was to be granted him on the next day. He would, no doubt, she said, plead the general amnesty on his own account, and probably solicit the interference, which, he thought, must avail, as the reward of his return to loyalty; and she even hinted, that it appeared to her far from impossible an union with him would ultimately take place. She remembered, she said, his expressions—"If the King accepts the Constitution, you will have a calm; it will, however, be deceitful." She trembled as she repeated this. In case of any future disturbance, she knew of no other resource than Adelaide's becoming Madame Verencourt; but this, I assured her, never could happen. If Adelaide was ever induced to make a second choice, which, I thought, very improbable, the Chevalier would be the last person likely to profit by such a change. I know not whether the

Marquise

Marquise believed in my infallibility, but she did not know so much of Adelaide as

H. St. Herman.

PACKET XVII.

I RESUME my long story.—Madame Chevereux, interested, as she said, for the health of Adelaide, and naturally more so for her own daughter, called the next day, to press me to accompany all the young ladies to her country house. She was still extremely managing, and talked as much as ever of the great riches, great power, and great talents of her husband. Neither was she less voluble on the subject of the perfections of Ninon: but I still perceived she

she had not forgotten the lesson of "Remember."

"You see," said Madame Chevereux, "this poor child gets no strength, no colour, no breath, no appetite; she looks like a ghost, and, more than that, will very soon be one, if you do not take care."

This coarse speech was followed by so warm an eulogium on air, exercise, and change of scene, with so hearty and hospitable an invitation to her house, and I was so convinced of the salutariness of all her arguments, that having now no safe country retreat of our own, I added my entreaties to her's, and implored Adelaide to accept an invitation, from which she would be sure to receive benefit, and I offered to attend her.

"Ah, my dear friend," she replied, "how good you are! but how can we leave mamma? She would be quite alone"

"Alone, Adelaide! your mamma is in a crowd; you forget, it is no longer treason to go to Court."

"She will, however, be a *solitaire* without you; and if I go with Ninon, have I not beside Charlotte, my dear lively Charlotte?"

"She no longer enlivens you; your sadness infects her."

"Poor Charlotte! I believe it does: but I have the gentle sympathizing Ninon."

"Yes, too sympathizing, Adelaide; one subject engrosses you both."

"There is, however, great comfort in that."

"No, quite the reverse, it is an aggravation of sorrow."

"Participation, say, rather."

"Your conversations are confined to one topic, and that a dismal one."

"Very well, it is so; but can we chuse a better?"

"You could not, as to effect, chuse a worse; you weep together."

"Tears relieve the full heart."

"But the heart would not be full, if you consented to be amused."

"Amused, Madame! amused! what, when the

the object for whom I existed, to whom all my faculties paid homage, who, from infancy I have loved, as never woman loved, "for whom my soul was up in the season of rest," whose graceful form and perfect mind were symbols of that Heaven to which he was so early called, the best of sons, of subjects, and of friends, the most noble, constant, dear, ah, how dear! of lovers, when he lies mouldering in an obscure grave, unhonoured, and even unmarked, save by the tears of one aged, holy friend—do you talk to me of being amused! Oh Verencourt! it was Adelaide who should have followed thy loved corse—it was her only who knew thy worth—it was on thy grave she should have at once expired—not die a living death, not sink by degrees to that rest after which her heart pants: grief like mine should kill at once; long endurance is not possible! Oh, such pangs as mine are not to be conceived, and cannot long be borne; and yet you talk to me of amusement!"

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Had you, Lady N., seen this dear creature at that moment, with upraised streaming eyes, glowing cheeks, and elevated voice, you would have thought with me, she had already cast off mortality.

She consented at length to accompany Madame Chevereux, provided I returned every day to enquire after the health of her mother. The Marquise indeed, who now again began to feel herself a free agent, promised to join us as soon as the public rejoicing subsided.

The villa of Monsieur C. had every thing to boast which his residence in Paris wanted; it was neat, plain, comfortable, and well appointed; its situation delightful, and every thing about it in the highest order and cultivation. It was, however, too quiet, and too retired for Madame Chevereux to remain more than one day; for, besides that its *ennui* was insupportable, what would become of her fine suppers, and the great people who attended them, if neither Madame C., Mademoiselle, her daughter,

daughter, nor the lively, witty Charlotte St. Herman presided? So the lady hostess was very frequently an absentee, with Charlotte, from her own house.

Meanwhile the holidays continued at Paris. The Royal Family went to the Academie Royale, with as little state as they appeared at the Champ de Elysée: Their attendants were in their own private carriages. The entertainment was Castor and Pollux. The entreaties of Pollux to Castor to return, were so very applicable to the King, and was, by reiterated command of the audience, repeated in so pointed a manner, that he really was obliged to notice it; but it was the head only that bended; his heart sprang to his eyes, and I saw, in a glance from the Queen, that her feelings were responsive to his.

I had been honoured with a seat in the *vis-à-vis* of the Marquise, and now accompanied her in her box.

During this time of public rejoicing, we had never seen or heard of the Abbe Rocquelar.

Rocquelar. He had, however, the assurance to enter the box with his patron; and I had an opportunity of marking the dark malignant looks of the latter, when the shouts of "*Vive le Roi*" almost shook the building. The Abbe wished to appear entirely at his ease: he affected to laugh at the enthusiasm of the people, to be witty on the abolition of titles, and, above all, was extremely gallant. Had the means to render himself more hateful been suggested by his grand archetype himself, it could not have been more successful.

The Chevalier at length obtained his audience at Court: he made neither excuse nor apology for his conduct; he even spoke with the air of an injured person. His discourse, indeed, savoured more of a demand, than request. He was treated accordingly, and retired in disgust.

We were all in the mean time using every possible means for restoring the health and spirits of our dear invalid. Grief, I have often said, does not, after the first gush, immediately

immediately kill; but the indisposition of Adelaide's mind lost none of its force, long after it was removed from her constitution, and she retained that restless solicitude, that eager desire of retirement, and that indifference to common events, which proved, when apparently most resigned, the constraint she imposed on herself.

Before her return from the country, we removed a portrait of the Duke from the little salon, and substituted in its place a fine likeness of the Duchess. The exchange struck her the moment she entered; she did not, however, speak on the subject, but continued to shed tears the whole evening. The next morning I entered unexpectedly, and found her apostrophising her beloved adopted mother, since which she has never recurred to the exchange of the pictures.

We dared not hazard a syllable in our letters to the Duchess; but the mere how do you, and what do you, of the most common

common family occurrences. Those we received from her were equally guarded; but I was certain, from some expressions in her last, she was acquainted with the fate of the Duke.

Our brilliant rejoicings still went on. A *fête* had been talked of at Court; but it was changed into a donation to the poor. The fact is, however they might disguise their sentiments, the wonderful re-union of the King and people was attended with too many humiliating circumstances to be wholly pleasing to the former.

The parting of the King and the National Assembly was, however, extremely civil; it abounded with that infinitude of profession, which, between two parties heartily tired of each other, just amounts to nothing.

Fayette, also, who ill brooked some indirect insults, the consequence of suspicion that he was changing sides, resigned his command. The sixty battalions of Paris

Guard

Guard deputed each a member to signify their regret; and presented him a gold-hilted sword.

But the new Assembly were chosen by the influence of the Jacobins, from among their own party; and the country members selected from that description of men who make boldness pass for information. All the seditious writers, whether of newspapers or pamphlets, as well as vast numbers of the apostate clergy, were now senators. Marat, the contemptible Marat, was, with Robespierre and the cruel Danton, among the most popular. Egalité, Rocquelar, Verencourt, and Chevereux, were also again elected.

The Marquise brought this list to our hotel. Every thing was feared from the monsters now in power, and their first sitting commenced with sentiments highly derogatory to the King; but that excellent man disarmed the serpents of their sting: it was impossible to resist his affable and courteous

courteous behaviour, and they parted on good terms.

Monsieur Chevereux came to congratulate us on this event, and, as he could not always spare his little Ninon, to ask Charlotte's return to her old habits, which, he assured her, he expected, and for which he promised to get her a good patriot husband.

The Marquise and I were smiling at the comical face and grotesque figure of the little Advocate, when we were astonished by the entrance of the Abbe Rocquelar and his patron. The latter requested a private audience of Madame de Courville; and the former tried to look modest.

The Marquise arose after some hesitation. The patron presented his hand, and they retired to the little salon.

Charlotte, always ready and willing to break the peace of the poor Abbe, asked if it were true that all the religious functions were to be restored?

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The Abbe answered, laconically enough —"No."

"I am rejoiced at that," she replied: "for, if priests are allowed to marry, you will, undoubtedly, be blessed with the fair hand of——"

The Abbe arose instantly, and bowed to the ground—"Miss St. Herman was too good!"

"Not at all, Monsieur l'Abbe, not at all; the fat Abbess has long loved, doted on, the good Abbe."

"The Abbess, Miss!" repeated he, re-seating himself.

"Yes, Monsieur, the Abbess of the old convent prison; she who is so ugly, so old, so blind, and so fond, you surely re-collect!"

The Abbe did not chuse to recollect, and, if he had chosen, the hard putting to of the salon door, and the re-entrance of his patron, with a countenance that indi cated spite and resentment, was enough to discompose his memory.

The man, a Prince of the house of Bourbon, who secretly aspired to the crown, had condescended to become the ambassador of a wretched apostate priest, and formally demanded the hand of the Marquise de Courville to be given to a miscreant slave of her husband's vices; but Egalité was of that opacous character that never could extort respect—and had it been possible to increase the hatred and contempt, in which the Abbe was held by the Marquise, it would have been in the moment when his patron spoke of him as *his friend.* A decided and scornful negative almost preceded the question. He would have argued; but the Marquise, with all the indignation of insulted rank and wounded pride, commanded his absence—and he, with all the pusillanimity of conscious self-debasement, obeying, her, threw the door, with violence, after him.

I, however, was no Marquise, and not of the smallest consequence. To me he

was

was prodigious great; he had advised his cousin, for her own benefit; he was her disinterested friend; and, by God, if she did not take his advice, she and her abettors should woefully repent her ungrateful obstinacy.

The Abbe was reduced to his old habit of teeth-gnashing; and Charlotte, with affected humility, addressed the patron.

"Spare *us*, Monsieur," said she, "we are unworthy to suffer under your displeasure; we have not the honour and happiness to benefit under the French revolution; we are only a couple of simple English women. Be satisfied with your power over the ladies of your own country; but, oh, spare ours!"

"Heavens, Madame!" said the Abbe, looking like a fury, as he addressed me, "how happy are you in a daughter of such a commanding spirit; one can only lament that the sallies of her wit are so much more brilliant than those of her eyes."

"What pity," joined the patron, smiling malignantly, "such charms should be *mortal!*"

The emphasis on the "*mortal,*" and the glance that accompanied it, went to my heart; and, though Charlotte affected to laugh, I saw it petrified her. I prayed to God, most ardently, to favour our escape from that improving country.

When our visitors departed, and we joined the Marquise, we found her too indignant to be sensible of fear; but Adelaide was in terrors for her mother—and we seriously considered the insult offered her by the powerful leader of a violent and unprincipled party, in every way that could affect her safety, without being able to fix on any for her protection, except, indeed, the one as disgusting, though not exactly so humiliating, to her daughter.

We had seen nothing of the Chevalier since his rebuff at Court; but we heard that he still remained one of the very few Nobles,

Nobles, who attended to the real interest of the nation, in the Assembly.

"M. Chevereux," said Madame, his spouse, "is in raptures with M. Verencourt, although quite weary of speaking himself, because nobody has the manners to listen; but we both wish Ninon had just such an husband."

If she had *him*, I thought we could all be very well contented, if, indeed, content occupied any space in this miserable country; but in Court it could not, in the Assembly it did not, and in the Clubs it would not, be admitted.

There was nothing the King would not sacrifice to the peace of the country; and he was no less embarrassed by the efforts of those who called themselves his friends abroad, than by those whom he knew to be his determined enemies at home.

The Convention at Pilnitz was the ostensible motive for discontent. Indeed, the truth was, that many of the emigrant Nobles, who had abandoned their country

and their Sovereign in the hour of need, and whose names now appeared on the list of those champions who threatened the dragon, had never yet distinguished themselves by one virtuous, I had almost said, one honest, act.

While immersed in luxury, solicitous only to prove the daring of their souls, by a contempt of the bonds of society—contracting debts they knew they had not ability to pay, to the honest and credulous creditor, because every vicious obligation to their own fellows must be punctually honoured—and they could ill spare, from the abundance of their progenitors, the smallest relief to half-starved peasants, whose voluntary blessings would have followed their benevolence, but whose curses now proclaimed, that it was not given *only* to the *Noble* and *great, to break the laws of the country*. No, they were now better informed; the ignorance that formerly crouched to the Seigneur, now well knew nothing but the law prevented his becoming

becoming a Seigneur himself; and, therefore, feeling neither love or respect for those who had no longer power, no wonder they became hardy opposers of that order that enslaved them.

The Chevalier, inheriting all the family estates, beside those of the Duchess, decreed to him by her forfeiture, was now one of the richest subjects in France; for though the liberty, as it was called, asserted by the peasantry, might lessen his rent-roll, yet, as in the aggregate, his property, under his own ample security, as a member of the power which was found to be absolute, was immense. He still kept an haughty distance; but the Marquise predicted every evil from the proud certainty she thought he felt, that the calm was, "indeed deceitful," and that the friendship, so often rejected, would at last be sought.

The continued commotions in the Assembly again kept the Court in a state of terror and distress. The Emperor was suspected of hostile designs; and the

patriots, pretending to be indignantly jealous of foreign interference, amused themselves with invectives against the Queen, and the few Germans in her suite, in so much, that the Marquise was fourteen days without daring to pass from the Castle to her own house.

Mean while the Royal Pair were in the most extreme pecuniary distress. They dared not draw on the public treasury, and their debts were immense; they had no credit at home or abroad, and actually had not money to answer common expences.

A great quantity of the Queen's jewels were already sent to the foreign markets; but as their conveyance, as well as the return, was attended with great risk, she was obliged to accept present supply from the few friends, whose means accorded with their will—and you will conclude that every purse in the Hotel de Courville was nearly emptied on such an occasion.

The fortune left to Adelaide by Madame de Verencourt, as well as the legacies to myself

myself and Charlotte, had been invested in the French funds, and these were, at present, in such a deplorable state of uncertainty, that there were no buyers at any rate; but if this had not been the case, I very much doubt whether we were not objects of too much suspicion to be allowed the management of our own fortunes.

It was now, indeed, that we understood what, at the moment it happened, we thought inexplicable. The Abbe's seals remained on the Marquise's cabinet; he had not, indeed, explained whether his placing them there was an act of his own intolerable presumption, or whether it was sanctioned by the Assembly. In the case of the latter it would be dangerous to remove them; so that the valuables of the Marquise was actually secured out of her own power.

Fayette, the once popular General, after retiring into the county to pout, returned to offer himself for the office of Chief

Magistrate; and the very same people who would have exposed their lives at his command, a few weeks since, now deserted him in favour of Petion, the virulent Jacobin and avowed enemy of the Court—and the consternation into which we were all thrown by this event, exceeded belief.

The Marquise, as usual, came to us. The deceitful calm was, indeed, passed. Charlotte had just come from Monsieur Chevereux, who told her, in confidence, that he did not consider the Queen's life in security from one day to the other, with such a Chief Magistrate as Petion, unawed, as he now was, by Fayette, at the head of the National Guards.

Adelaide, who had been extremely indisposed for some days, was waiting the return of Charlotte, to set off to Madame Chevereux's country house, where she had before received such benefit; but she now abandoned that design, resolved to remain near her mother, and share every danger to which she might be exposed.

The Chevalier was, at length, announced. Adelaide's hectic cheeks proved her emotion; she would have retired, but her mother, on whom present circumstances made a deep impression, intreated her to remain.

He was thinner and more pale than when we saw him last. He bowed, and took his seat, evidently agitated; and, without speaking, never was there an instance where five people met, all equally anxious to learn the sentiments of each other, and yet continued more decidedly silent.

After some minutes I ventured to ask, if the report of a war was justly founded?

He answered, with some hesitation, he believed it was; and far from considering that event as a misfortune, it would, in his opinion, by dividing the attention of the people, and removing the numbers necessary to form a grand army, be the salvation of France.

This was a truth of which we had long been sensible.

"And who," asked the Marquise, "will have the command?"

"Who so worthy, or so capable, as the gallant Fayette?"

"True," replied the Marquise; "but the people have no longer confidence in him."

"The people!" repeated Verencourt, with indignation; but correcting himself, "we are not, I believe, Madame, just now competent to judge of them. I come not to the Hotel de Courville to talk of the people; it is to you, Adelaide, to your mother, to your friends, I would speak."

Adelaide again changed colour; she seemed to breathe shorter; her countenance, "that table on which all her thoughts were visibly charactered and engraved," at once spoke anguish, disgust, and terror. The Chevalier gazed on her with visible emotion.

"What—what—Chevalier! what—Monsieur! have you to say to me, to my mother, my friends?"

The

The Chevalier knelt without approaching her; she turned away her face, while we listened with attention.

He declared, and solemnly bid us remember that he *did declare it*, there was no safety in Paris for the Royal Family, nor any possible means of escaping from the dangers by which they are environed. The slightest commotion would probably be fatal to them, and to all their adherents. He could, he said, yet save Madame de Courville and her family: he had already, with this object in view, made deposits, to a large amount, in the English and Dutch banks; he had so arranged, that he could escort them to a place of perfect safety; his love—but, oh, how faint an expression for the feeling of his soul!—his adoration of Adelaide still continued to be the latent motive of all his actions—"And, oh, remember," continued, still kneeling, "if I have erred, if I have deviated from the long-trodden path of my noble ancestry, how strong, how irresistible must have been

been the impulse! Pity and forgive the wretched Charles Verencourt—suffer him to save you from the destructive anarchy that will overwhelm this devoted country—let me convey you to another, to that of your beloved St. Herman, to Italy, to the Antipodes. You are my world, and, wherever you are, I will be content to wait, to serve, to adore, till my sufferings shall have expiated my crimes."

His eyes had been cast down during several of the last sentences; the emotions of Adelaide raised them to her's, and fixed *our* attention as well as *his*.

Never did I behold a more affecting object: she had sunk on her knees; in her right hand, raised and extended, was the large miniature of the Duke, on which her straining eyes were fixed; her lips moved, though they uttered no sound. I saw her sinking with agitation, and flew to her, just in time to receive her almost lifeless form into my arms.

The Chevalier still kept at an awful distance,

distance, but sedulously watching every movement, till she began to revive, when approaching a few steps, he saw his brother's picture lying on the ground—he took it up, and every look more and more affected him, till, involuntary tears dropping on the picture, he gave himself up to sad and sorrowful recollections, without attending even to Adelaide.

"Dear creature!" she continued, most painfully agitated; but, declining to retire, fixed her eyes on the Chevalier, and was evidently endeavouring to collect her ideas.

"M. Verencourt!" she articulated, with infinite difficulty.

Her voice roused him like an electrical stroke. The miniature dropped from his hand.

Adelaide proceeded—"Do not think," said she, "because my poor wounded heart, swelled with sorrows it would conceal, because, when the unhallowed voice of solicitation broke in hateful discord on my ear, every sense retreated to the image of him,

him, who, even from the grave, reigns sole *arbiter* of *my fate*—do not think that I want strength of mind to answer arguments, which, as far as they respect myself, I despise. The danger of the King is ours; we know our safety is implicated with his—and we desire it should be so. My father was the martyr of these sentiments; my mother will not desert her Royal Mistress, in the hour of danger; and no consideration will ever prevail on their daughter to swerve from their example. The evils I have to fear are, therefore, not of magnitude to mingle with my sorrow for the dead, or my duty to the living. My friends, Madame St. Herman and her daughter, are already protected by the law of their own happy country. You have made remittances, you say—we know it; you are enabled to lay up your treasures, by the event that robbed me of all mine—and there is no merit in rejecting benefits for which we feel we have no use, nor ever can enjoy. What are riches now to me? Go,

Sir,

Sir, be attentive to your own safety—leave the country you have helped to ruin—abjure your errors—live with honour, that you may die like a son of that family your life has so disgraced; for, be assured, the same injustice and violence, with which you say we are menaced, will ultimately overwhelm you."

To judge of my pride, while beholding the emanation of noble sentiment which irradiated the countenance of Adelaide, and suspended for a moment its sad expression, you must have seen and heard her. The eyes of the Marquise filled with tears.—"This," said I, mentally, "is the mind I have helped to form."

The Chevalier looked sullen and abashed. After a few moments silence—"You are not," said he, "more an angel, at this moment, than you have always been to me; but have you not learned from Madame St. Herman, that 'those who, by repentance, are not satisfied, are neither of heaven or earth."

Oh,

Oh, what a train of sad recollections did this simple quotation give rise to! Yes, well I remembered the tranquil hours, when, to prove the littleness of the great Voltaire, I taught my pupils to translate some of Shakespeare's beauties into French. The two blooming boys, eager to emulate my sweet Adelaide, and contending for her praise, would also study the English bard. The Duke and Duchess, smiling at the embarrassment of the young umpire, who, when her partiality to the elder brother might sometimes have impeached justice, was restrained by the favour of the Duchess to the younger.

Oh, when shall I cease to regret those blissful scenes, when seated in a marble pavillion, sheltered from the fervid heat of the sun by the aromatic and beautiful flowering shrubs that entwined the pillars, and formed a natural drapery around every opening—fountains playing at our feet —the *chateau,* rising behind in majestic grandeur, out of the bosom of the most charming

charming woods—the orangery on the right—the waterfall on the left—the smooth lake reflecting the vine-clad hills, and scattered hamlets, in front—the village steeple just seeming to rise over the walls of a convent—the sun sinking into the distant ocean. Ah, me! ah me! this Duke, this Duchess, the *chateau*, the pavillion, garden, convent, steeple—what are they all now? literally dust and rubbish; not a trace remaining of the abode of wisdom, honour, and peace. I could not conceal my tears; and, I believe, my melancholy recollections were contagious. A solemn silence succeeded, which Charlotte, affecting to smile, broke, in the language of the poet—"We," said she, "ignorant of ourselves, beg often our own harms, which the wise powers deny us, for our good—so find we profit by losing of our prayer."

The Chevalier frowned. This, indeed, was no smiling hour for any of us. He now addressed the Marquise, and complained

plained of the severity of his treatment; he appealed to her wisdom and her prudence —intreated her to believe the time was too full of danger to admit of stratagem; the arrangement he offered was justified by solemn certainties, of which no one could better judge than himself. True, he had once prevented Adelaide from leaving Paris; but circumstances were then different. Wherever she then went, the union he had so long dreaded would have taken place; but now that the brother whom, though he envied when living, he regretted dead.—

"Oh, that brother! that brother!" softly cried Adelaide, "no more like——"

Severe as was this half sentence, I saw it gratified the Chevalier. To have pointed her imagination, and to recall to her memory, the impression which occupied his own, was an accordance by which he was flattered.—"Hope, which travels with us through life, nor leaves us when we die," revived; but he was too great a master of his

his feeling to betray it. After a short pause, he again vainly urged the Marquise to leave Paris, which she positively refused. He then entreated her to prevail on Adelaide to accept his protection to Bergin, to Italy, or to England. All these propositions being also declined, he solemnly said—

"I see your fate—my own is implicated in yours—I shall make no efforts in regard to myself; but, as long as I can, I will serve and defend Adelaide, and those who are dear to her. When all fails, I can, at last, die; and, in the mean time, you must not refuse me admittance, when I come to inquire after your health."—He did not wait to hear this last request negatived.

Adelaide was not pleased with the indirect assent to his visits; yet, shocked at the more presumptuous persecutions of the Abbe, she could not help allowing, that, doubtful as was the protection of the Chevalier, it was the only one to which her mother could appeal.

Paris,

Paris, I have before told you, was near running mad for joy: that fit was now over; they were fast relapsing into the most sanguinary barbarity, and that even at the moment when there were no end of all sorts of public rejoicing.

The troops of the Emperor continued to advance—the emigrants to rally round the standard of Monsieur—and there was a party forming, who dared to avow monarchial sentiments, and a resolution to counteract the alarming power of the Jacobins. Many respectable friends of the Constitution joined those of the King, and formed themselves into a club, who met at the convent of the Feuillans, where also three hundred of the Assembly, and a thousand of the first citizens, were added to their number.

The Court were in high spirits on this occasion; and, although Adelaide continued the inflexible and almost perpetual inmate of her own apartment, the Marquise ventured, once more, to receive the visits

and

and gratulations of her friends, on a prospect that promised to protect her from insults which were already, once more, suspended.

We had a large party talking over public affairs, which had long been the almost exclusive privilege of the women of France, a reason, perhaps, why they were so ill managed, when Madame Roland, who had been introduced to the Marquise at Court, was announced.

That lady, who gave herself credit for more wit and beauty than any one, was the wife of a Minister, suspected by both parties, whom she entirely governed.

The company were, of course, dumb, the moment she entered. There was, indeed, little opportunity for any one to speak while she was present. Relaxing from the abstruse wisdom that generally occupied her, she condescended to be pleasant —and, in a vein of sententious raillery, gave us the news of the day. The double marriage of Madame de Courville and

and her daughter, with the two sound patriots, M. Verencourt and the Abbe Rocquelar, was considered as an immutable arrangement. The Queen was indisposed, and wished to pass some time at St. Cloud, but feared to ask permission of the Jacobins --and she was right, for it would drive them quite mad. Monsieur Chevereux, she added, is a droll character: he has amassed riches, and talked himself into fame, which he d es best when against his own conscience; if he had pleaded for the King, he would have done nothing but shed tears, as he always does when he sees him or the Dauphin; on the contrary, when talking of the laws, which he cares nothing about, or of the revolution, which nobody less understands, one hears of nothing but the long speeches, iron face, and excellent lungs of Monsieur *l'Avocat* Chevereux. As to Ninon, there would be no end to her perfections, since her father grew more rich, her mother more ridiculous, and herself more beautiful,

every

every hour. This, at least, was the opinion of their friend Monsieur Egalité, who, having exhausted the greater part of his own immense wealth in rewarding the secret services of his friends, and finding new claims more than adequate to the remainder, had planned to lay out some of the accumulations of the little Orator to equal advantage, even if he should purchase it by a second sacrifice of the honour and principle of his son. He contrives to please the tall Citoyenne—but her daughter has more sense. She is really amiable, and not a little ingenious; for she contrives to pay her parents the most profound respect, without implicating herself in their folly.

And thus the wife of Rolland, with no small ingenuity on her part, contrived to let us and the company perceive, how much she, who boasted of being the oracle of the present ministry, condescended to know of the *petit* affairs of a *ci-devant* Marquise.

But our visits, our triumphs, and the cessation of presumption in the Abbe, had a very short period. The latter assured us, we should soon change characters; and the Chevalier, without again urging either his own passion, or the coming danger on which he had before been so eloquent, retained a steady composure in his frequent, and almost silent, visits.

Monsieur Chevereux, who had withdrawn his name from the Jacobins, without adding it to the Feuillans, now studied more the art of silence than the flowers of oratory; he had frequent and convenient head-aches, which requiring change of air, he retired with his family to his beautiful villa, for the restoration of his health. Adelaide consented to accompany Ninon, and I engaged to follow the next day; but "boast not thyself of to-morrow."—The next day it was not safe, even for such an insignificant person as myself, to be seen in the streets of Paris.

Fresh accounts from the chicken-hearted bands,

bands, who abandoned their King to become pensioners on the charity of all the European Princes, and the advance of the Imperial troops, furnished the ostensible excuse.

"We," said the King to the Assembly, "are sworn to be united:"—"And we," said the emigrant Princes, "have sworn to disunite you."—What faith, then, could a set of wretches, become familiar with death in the most horrid shapes, and who, indeed, were conscious of crimes that cried aloud for vengeance, place in the professions of the King, when his nearest relatives and confidential connections, declared those professions to be forced by the exigencies of the moment, and whose avowed intention it was to render them void? The greatest coward, when rendered desperate, will fight like a lion in the toils. The dangers from abroad, or the weak efforts of those who had yet a conscience at home, were separately not objects of terror, to a society who attached to their interest, the weak,

the wicked, the desperate, the idle, and the cruel, of the whole immense kingdom of France; but if the effervescence of the great, and good, were aided by foreign armies, there were no answering for the event. The Jacobins, therefore, resolved to invite to Paris the refuse of the provinces, and with their assistance, concentrate their whole power, to annihilate the club of the Feuillans, which took place with the usual riot and barbarity. Petion was the Mayor, and Petion was a Jacobin; so the members of the club narrowly escaped being massacred; they were refused the protection of the Assembly, and the National Guard were not suffered to appear. Had it not been for the native generosity and energetic conduct of some Municipal Officers, the intention, when the convent was surrounded, of setting it on fire, and suffering none to escape, would certainly have been put in execution.

As this was considered a victory over the King and his friends, you will not doubt that

that it particularly affected the Marquise; nor will you, I presume, conclude the corner I occupied in her hotel to have been the most comfortable in the world; although it was a consolation that I was alone, as the consequence might have been fatal to Adelaide, in the present weak state of her health and spirits; and I had the same evening a joy, past joy, in the receipt of a packet from my dear Julia, by which I understood that the Abbe Riccobini lived, of which I had lately doubted—that he remained at the Monastery, still enjoying the friendship of the Abbot, and that I received this consolation through his means. But when I understood, by a subjoined note, that the power to facilitate our correspondence was no more—that the Pope, whose age and infirmities had only prevented him from an active opposition to encroachments, which menaced the total abolition of religion in France, had, at length, issued that bull of excommunication, which, at an earlier period, might

have had effect, but which now served only to excite the atheistical power, which tyrannized over France, to such rage and desperation, that it became more dangerous to individuals to be detected in correspondence with any of the subjects or residents in the Papal territory, than even with those of their declared enemies—the subjects of the Emperor—and that, in consequence of all this, I must be deprived of what now constituted the greatest, almost the only, remains of all former happiness—that I must no longer hope to receive assurances of the health and safety of the friend of my heart, and that I could not assure her of mine—when I became sensible to all the consequences of this interdiction, it is impossible to describe the despondence and grief that overwhelmed me.—"Every hour," says the sage, "takes away some of the things that pleases us, and, perhaps, some of the disposition to be pleased."—In common events this, undoubtedly, is true; but it was my hard

fate

fate to lose, in rapid succession, those blessings, which would have supported, cheered, and consoled me, through a long life, and which, in the awful change to immortality, would be my guiding star.

It is long, my dear Lady N., since I have transcribed, from my memorandums, any thing to amuse or entertain you; but, as this devoted country advanced to that climax of iniquity for which ages of penitence will not atone, the general misery reached every heart who retained a germ of the true national character, and involved in one calamity many thousands of worthy persons, beside the dearest friends of your obliged and affectionate

H. St. Herman.

PACKET XVIII.

THE Reformists of France were, when my last packet concluded, become the astonishment of the Christian, to say nothing of the Pagan, world: they began the arcade of liberty, by reviling their natural Prince, and proceeded, by a very natural gradation, to blaspheming their Creator; they were now bent on the destruction of the one, and boldly denied the existence of the other.

The establishment of two such points required some management, it must be confessed;

fessed; but the Jacobins had determined the matter—and, depending on the King's indecision of character, demanded his immediate sanction of two decrees for that purpose—one to exile the whole body of clergy who refused to secularize; the other—to encamp twenty thousand recruits from the interior, under the walls of Paris.

There was no trait of indecision in the refusal of the King, nor any bounds to the rancour of the disappointed Jacobins, or the uproar of the galleries, when it was proved that, in the cause of religion and the safety of his few faithful subjects, Louis could be decisive. But, as permanent unanimity is seldom the characteristic of the vicious, having proceeded to a certain length with their Babel, they began, like the builders of old, to speak in many tongues—chiefs would be Kings, and followers would be chiefs. This, however, could not happen to all, though all insisted on an exclusive right; so the mighty club

was already dividing into those secret parties who, after the abolition of religion, and the murder of the Capets, accomplished the destruction of each other.

It was the Gironde, whose infant society, while yet they dared not give themselves a name, held nightly meetings at the house of Monsieur, or rather Madame Pierre, the *ci-devant* pretty Couthon, who then suggested the expedient of drawing to the capital the wretched band of ruffians, since known by the appellation of Sans Culottes.

The refusal of his Majesty to sanction decrees so utterly repugnant to every tenet of the established religion, and so dangerous to himself, his family, and his subjects, could not fail to be followed by the blessing of all the well-disposed; and the Jacobins, well aware that their existence, as rulers, depended on the refuse of the kingdom, whom they resolved to bring to Paris at all risks, vociferated the overthrow of liberty, the peril to patriots, the certain re-esta-

blishment of tyranny—and such was the fermentation among their furious adherents, that they proceeded to pass another decree, without troubling themselves about the sanction of the King, which deprived the Royal Family of their most faithful and tried friends.

The whole body of Life Guards were at once dismissed—their places supplied by a selection of the Jacobins from the National Guards—and the brave, loyal Duke de Brissac, their commander, sent to the prison of Orleans, not charged, or even suspected, of one offensive sentiment, but unalterable attachment to the King.

You must not, Madam, quarrel with this episode as irrelevant to my story, since the result involved the small circle which then formed my world, in all the misfortunes of the August Persons who were the destined victims.

The period was, indeed, fast approaching, when a succession of calamities so inured our minds to suffering, that we had scarce

time to lament one deprivation before it was succeeded by another—and the little fortitude that remained was soon vanquished by the increasing violence of the ladies of the mob. It was, indeed, a service of danger to pass undisguised even from our hotel to the Castle.

The Palace was continually surrounded by the most abandoned of the community, and the Queen assailed at every window with the most shocking and vulgar abuse: no crime, however absurd, no reflection, however malignant, no expletive, however horrid, nor any appellation, however coarse, but what were directed to that injured woman.

As it was in vain that complaint was made to the Assembly, and that the civil Magistrates were appealed to, the gates of the Thuilleries were at length shut.

"Very well," said the Assembly, "but the Terrace is the peoples';" and the people continued to occupy it for the most rebellious and wicked purposes.

The

The Abbe Rocquelar, a principal in the vile politics of the times, renewed his bold intrusions. He fancied the Marquise humbled, when addressed as plain "Madame," and therefore took especial care, when she was visible to him, to have many things to talk of: he entered and retired with self-importance; spoke to the domestics in a tone of authority; but no longer urged his suit to the Marquise; and entirely withdrew all confidence on that subject from me.

In the mean time, I continued, notwithstanding the terror in which I often passed the streets, to be a frequent guest at the villa of our friends, carefully concealing from my gentle Adelaide every thing that would counteract the benefit her looks announced from the fine air.

The Chevalier was always a welcome visitor to the Chevereux; and where the magnet of his attraction resided, one was sure to find him. He had, indeed, taken a small house in the neighbourhood of Passy,

on

on account, as he said, and Madame C. confirmed, of bad health; and certainly, if dejected looks, pallid cheeks, and want of appetite, were symptoms to be credited, not without reason. He was certainly very much altered, and that no less in manner than in person.

"M. de Verencourt never laughs now!" exclaimed Madame Chevereux; "and, what is worse, he never makes me laugh."

"M. de Verencourt lives, like the camelion, on air," observed the Orator; "and, like the camelion, also changes his appearance; he will be as slender as Mademoiselle de Courville in a short time."

We frequently passed each other on the road from Paris, for the Chevalier still occasionally attended the Assembly; but though our carriages were often at the door together, and he sometimes offered his protection, I should never have thought of accepting it, had we not, on passing the barriers in the same instant, found the streets uncommonly crowded by the sort of faces that

that always unnerved me, and in such numbers as prevented the carriage from going on.

As the National Guards constantly mingled with the riotous multitude, it would have been vain for *me* to appeal to them, had any insult been offered; but the Chevalier saw my consternation, and, leaping from his own carriage, proved his patriotism by the authority with which he directed the guards to make way to mine, and by the alacrity with which he was obeyed—his nod was, indeed, sufficient for our safe conduct to *his* home, though he would not answer for the behaviour of his friends to *ours*. He, therefore, advised my remaining, while he, who had not been in Paris the last three days, enquired the cause of the disturbance.

He returned with horror depicted in his countenance. A desperate mob had entered the Palace; the King was personally insulted—and it was, at that moment, uncertain whether he yet lived.

"Oh,

"Oh, the Marquise! the Marquise!" I exclaimed.

He had enquired, but could hear nothing of her. She was certainly not at her hotel. He had himself endeavoured to press into the Palace; but, finding it impossible, he was that instant hastening to the Assembly, to demand their assistance to relieve the King from a situation as degrading to them as to himself.

He was out of sight almost before he finished the sentence, leaving me in the worst company possible—the horrors of my own imagination; and, though every moment more terrified at the sight of the hideous bands that thronged the streets, unable to keep from the window by which they passed.

The suspense was intolerable—the situation in which my tortured fancy painted the Marquise, dreadful. She might be ill, wounded, fainting. If I were near, could I not console, assist, support her? Ah! what

was

was personal danger to myself, in comparison of serving her at such a crisis?

If desperation did not make cowards brave, would Lady N. believe, that, in a disguise borrowed from a Grisette, attended only by a domestic belonging to the Chevalier, I could have ventured into the street, and reached the Hotel de Courville, without a single recollection, to this hour, how I pressed through crowds that seemed to grow out of each other?

With great caution the faithful Swiss opened the gate—and the joy with which I was received by the domestics, both flattered and affected me.

The Chevalier had been rightly informed —the Marquise was with the Queen when the tumult began.

Muller, her faithful valet, had persevered in reporting her safety to the family, as long as he could get access to the Castle; but that had ceased to be possible more than two hours—"And much mischief," he mournfully added, "may be done in two hours.

hours by bad men, who must have been helped by the devil himself, to drag a huge cannon into the hall of the Castle by manual strength.

"Merciful God!" cried I, "is it possible! —a cannon into the hall of the Palace, and loaded?"

Muller shook his head—if he had not seen it himself, he never could have believed it; but there the cannon now actually was loaded—"And," added he, tears rolling down his cheek, "there is Madame, our Marquise, and the Queen. She is a German, Madame—I remember her at Vienna, when I was page to the first Countess Bergen, the most beautiful young woman in the world —with their lives at the mercy of a drunken rabble, who, on the smallest hint, would forget themselves, and set fire to the piece."

My dear Lady N., do you not shudder? It was well known to the faction that this outrage would happen, several days before, and yet Petion, and his deputy, Manuel, the

the chief Magistrates, could not be found; *they were on a party of pleasure at Versailles.*

Ah, wretches! but you were, and will be, found, here, and hereafter; there was an eye that marked you—and in the moment when your accursed spirits were leaving your tortured bodies, ye knew, ye felt, ye *were* found, and that by your own dear friends and colleagues.

As Muller, after again trying, could not get near the Palace, I sent him to the hall for intelligence.

The Assembly were talking *to* and *at* each other, while a few individuals, the most earnest of whom was the Chevalier, loudly repeated—"The King is every moment in danger of being buried in the ruins of the Castle."

Petion, who just arrived, having shewn his abhorrent face to his creatures, the rabble about the Thuilleries had the audacity to declare that the people respected the laws. The galleries were, indeed, empty, but the hall rung with the plaudits of the faction.

Muller's

Muller's frequent returns to the hotel were at length marked; and, having been threatened with the Abbay, he was afterwards afraid to stir; so that I remained, in most painful and agitated suspense, till midnight, when the Marquise herself returned to her hotel.

"I have out-lived this day," cried she, scarce able to reach a seat, "and am invulnerable."

I can describe nothing of the welcome my heart gave her—it was incoherent and extravagant: we wept, we embraced, we adored the power that protected her; but she was so much harassed, fatigued, and exhausted, that I prevailed on her immediately to retire, and endeavour to forget events, which she was as eager to relate, as I was to hear.

Before the Marquise left her chamber the next morning, our children were at the feet of their respective mothers; and, after such a day as the last, you will not doubt the interest of our meeting.

The amiable Ninon was with them; and,

as

as the Marquise had recovered her spirits, we crowded her breakfast table, most anxious and earnest auditors of a transaction, that now seemed to cover all Paris with shame.

The banditti had actually marched through the hall of the Assembly in a state of intoxication, declaring their intention to force the sanction of the King to the two decrees against which he had set his *veto;* and they proceeded accordingly, armed with pikes, into the Royal Presence, while the new guards looked quietly on, and while all Paris, to their eternal shame, knew what was passing, without making a single effort for their insulted King.

"Think of our situation," said the Marquise: "every minister displaced in whom the King had confidence; his faithful guards exchanged for a band of traitors; no regard paid by the Assembly to the King's repeated notice of his danger; crowds of men and women shouldering each other towards the Royal apartments; the Mayor not to be found;

found; and the whole Court left to the absolute mercy of savages in human shape.

" The King, with his friends, the Queen and her children, the Princess, and a few of us helpless ladies, were together in the salon, when the breaking of doors, and other violence, announcing the impossibility of repelling the monsters, his Majesty suddenly rushed forward to the *œil de bœuf*, in hope to prevent their approaching his family. The Princess Elizabeth caught hold of the arm of a gentleman, and followed so close, as to get into a window recess near her beloved brother.

' It is the Queen, it is the German wolf—yes, that is Madame Veto,' said the rabble.

' Do not undeceive them,' whispered that lovely heroine; ' the mistake may be fortunate—but, ah, my brother!'

" A dirty greasy fellow was placing his red woollen cap on the head of his King.

" Meanwhile the Queen had also endeavoured to follow the King, but anxiety to have her children near, prevented her getting

getting into the *œil de bœuf*, before the mob closed the passage, and she was obliged to return. The Dauphin was in my arms; the beautiful boy could not *now* wave his hat to the fine shew of the good citizens. The Queen placed him on a table before her; he dared not look up; he tried to hide his face in the maternal bosom, which throbbed in anguish for her husband and children—but a brute put his heavy cap on the sweet child, and his head bent under it.

"A man they called Santerre, a brewer, seemed affected—'The child!' said he, taking the cap from his head, and after wiping the perspiration, and parting the curls on his beautiful forehead, 'the child!' he repeated, and he was permitted to rest on the bosom of his mother.

"We had hastily collected some ribbons and May boughs, which the Queen assisted us to distribute as tokens of amity; but even while they were scrambling for the gifts, and for hours that it was not possible for

for her, or any of us, to move, it is wretches like themselves only who can conceive, pale, interesting, and beautiful as she looked, pressing to her bosom the lineal hope of the country, the rude, infamous, taunting language addressed to her—no heart warmed, no eye glistened in sympathy for the distress of an injured Queen, till we discovered a few friends in disguise, whose looks gave assurance of protection in case of personal violence.

'Your friends, Madame,' said Santerre, the brewer, 'are awkward—I know those who could serve you better.'—The villain! he had been paid for forbearance, till the means to satisfy his rapacity were exhausted.

"The King has been called weak and irresolute—he has even been said to be deficient in courage; he had lately proved himself not wanting in decision to his people, nor to the King of Kings, and he was now giving both precept and example to the greatest of heroes.

"He

"He had advanced to meet the crowd, by whom he was now environed, attended only by four gentlemen. A dirty red cap was forced on his head, which, not being so large as to discompose him by the weight, he actually forgot to remove.

"He had, with difficulty, obtained a glass of water, when fainting with thirst, which he was not suffered to put to his lips but to the health of the nation.

"He had suffered insult on insult; he knew he was in momentary peril of his life; he could not even assure himself of the safety of his wife and children; and he bore all with the patience and resignation of a Christian, but without fear, the selfish fear that would temporise with evil doers.

"There he stood, in the midst of a crowd of bitter interested enemies, without guards, except such as would have pointed the uplifted dagger to his heart, without friends who could assist him, deprived of power either to reward or punish; yet when called on by the discordant voices that rent

the air, to sanction decrees against which his conscience and his honour revolted, he refused it, with the dignity of a king, the zeal of a Christian, and the courage of an hero.

'Feel,' said he, in that moment, to an insolent grenadier, 'feel my heart, my pulse, does either indicate fear?"

The Marquise was obliged to pause, to indulge her tears; our's had accompanied every period of her sad recital.

"The virtue of a Prince," she continued, "is said to be his power: our Prince had no power; but his virtue impressed the lowest and most hardened of mankind with awe and respect.

"The rage of insult, and even disposition to murder their King, subsided into quarrels and reviling each other; awed by the presence in which, when the madness subsided, they were frightened to find themselves; they were hastily retreating, covered with shame, and many a hard heart melting in repentant sorrow, when the magistrates

magistrates assured the Assembly that the people who carried a cannon, which they loaded, into the Palace, who insulted the sacred person of the King, and only paused at his murder—'Yes,' said the Mayor, 'these people have respected the laws.'

"God!" exclaimed the Marquise, "I have seen this, and yet I survive!"

"Oh my mother!" cried the trembling Adelaide, "if we are to witness scenes like this, and if, indeed, your heart persists in the duty of remaining with the Queen, there is but one consolation left for us—let us at least suffer together. What have you not endured during the dreadful yesterday? and what torture has not the apprehension, which fear magnifies, inflicted on us?"

"God forbid, my Adelaide," replied the Marquise, "that such a day as I last saw, should ever recur; if such scenes become familiar to the furies of yesterday, we are all lost."

"At least," repeated Adelaide, "let us be lost together; if destruction begins in

the Palace, it will be in vain for us to seek safety elsewhere."

This first general achievement of the *sans culotte* heroes, awakened the last efforts of expiring virtue among the yet wholly uncorrupted citizens.

The transactions of the preceding day were recollected with emotions of surprise, regret, and confusion: so universal indeed was the reprobation of the treatment of the King, so sincere the admiration of his dignified patience, and so genuine the shame which, both in and out of the Assembly, overwhelmed its members, that when the suspension of Petion and Manuel from their offices, and an order for them to account for their conduct, was moved, it passed without a single opposing voice. The faction dared not, in that momentary reign of virtue, vindicate the too palpable villany of their friends.

But brief, very brief, was the hope of this short interregnum.—The King's letter, which moved the good to tears, and was allowed,

allowed, even by the disciples of the new philosophy, to be a sublime mixture of dignity and patience, was read and applauded one hour, but forgotten the next. The vagabonds, who, after a very short cessation, again awed Paris; those whom Petion impudently asserted respected the laws, became equally terrible to the Assembly, and the well-disposed citizens.

Nothing human, like them, was indeed ever let loose among rational beings; you would never be able, from any description I can give, to form an idea of the shocking expression of their faces.—*Sans culottes!* it was only by a few dirty rags they were distinguished from *sans couvere*—dirt, filth, poverty, and vicious propensities, were their only characteristic To pass their persons in the street was a torture on modesty; and to hear their mixture of imprecation, indecent phrases, and blasphemy, was an equal torture on morality and common sense.

When our friend, Monsieur l'Avocat,

heard that the public indignation at the usuage of the King was confirmed by the suspension of Petion and Manuel, he got instant relief for his head-ache, and posted to Paris, with a well-studied speech on the excess to which patriotism sometimes carried its votaries; and concluded with an eulogy on the King, which, though perhaps the very best he ever made, was approved, without being applauded—a circumstance so new and incomprehensible, that he retired from the hall, disappointed, "spirit bound," and so indisposed, as to render a return to the country not merely convenient, but indispensable.

Ninon had remained with us, in expectation of her parents continuing at Paris; but her mother surprised us by announcing the return of her husband's head-ache, and the intention of taking the air of Passy for its relief.

"And how," said she, tears filling *her* eyes, "how is Maria Antoinette? and how is her daughter?"

"They

"They were last evening ill enough to satisfy their enemies," replied the Marquise.

"Ah, my God! they were then ill enough indeed," exclaimed Madame Chevereux: then lowering her voice, till by degrees it dwindled into a whisper, and satisfying herself that all the doors were closed—"My suppers are all postponed till the winter; my spouse is too indisposed to speak in his place, though Dimanche is still nothing to him. We are not enamoured of Marat, nor do we admire the new patriot Robespierre, who pretends not to like money, which every one knows is impossible, and therefore cannot be. I love the Queen; her "remember" is always on my pillow; and lately, my spouse and me have talked of Madame Royal and our *petitte* Ninon, and wept till day-break, and then you know one must have an head-ache, to say nothing of the heart: and what do you think of my receiving a visit from he wife of Pierre, with that odd unpleasant Madame Roland, and seeing my hot-house stripped of all

our curious plants? they filled their carriage with our finest exotics, without so much as allowing me the *liberty* of presenting them: this, however, *is liberty*, not indeed exactly that sort of liberty about which my spouse talked so much, and so well, before he had such bad head-aches; but *allons*, my children, Monsieur Chevereux is already returned, and expecting us."

The caprice of Madame Chevereux was Charlotte, and, like a spoiled child, she was always peevish when deprived of her toy. Nothing would have prevailed on her to leave Ninon with us a few days, except the fear of losing the lively Charlotte for ever and aye; but we parted on a mutual agreement, if Ninon remained at the Hotel de Courville ever so short a period, her young friends, both, if possible, but, at all events, Charlotte, returned the visit, and so *vice versa*, whatever period they passed at the villa, Ninon remained with us.

Indeed the separation from that amiable girl always left both the Marquise and myself

self sensible to a stronger feeling than simple regret. We suspected the headaches of the orator covered certain presentiments of danger to himself; and the pillow conversations adverted to by his wife, evinced still greater anxiety for their mutual darling; they were, Charlotte said she was sure, making pecuniary arrangements of great importance.

Two Jews, whose names had not been frenchified from Detite to d'Etoit, but who were, nevertheless, nearly related to Madame Chevereux, had been, though with some difficulty, prevailed on to make frequent private visits at the villa, with whom both Monsieur and Madame Chevereux were usually locked up most part of the night. They were men of great respect among their own people, and had consented with reluctance to the request of M. Chevereux, whatever it was, because their relation was not of their faith. Madame C. was in a great rage at this objection—"For," said she to Charlotte, who was her general con-

fidant, " what signifies whether one is a Jew or a Catholic, if one are but just and good Christians? These men are the children of my father's brother: they were not angry with my mother, because she succeeded to the wealth of her husband, but because she was not a Jewess. It is true, that when I gave grand suppers, in my new hotel, to all the patriot Nobility, I never thought of my cousins; but now,"—Madame C. corrected herself, " but now, I must go to my villa "

Again our hotel was, for a short time, tranquil. The Marquise returned, as usual, to the Castle; but though the late situation of the Royal Family had interested every potentate in Europe, the Jacobins were still the same, and it could not be concealed that they looked forward to a crisis of great importance.

It was long since we had heard from or of our venerable Mentor, the Abbe Riccobini.

The interest of our patriot friends were

on the wane; they could, therefore, not procure a repetition of former indulgence; but after the late events it would be a consolation to know he existed, and his advice, at a period so full of danger, what a blessing should we consider it! The Abbot was his steady friend, and I hired a chaise, to make the experiment.

The first glance of the monastery annihilated hope; the sanctuary for religious men was converted into a barrack for Jacobin soldiers.

I had not courage to question the sentinels, and no trait remained of the former inhabitants. There was indeed more of the traffic of the world; but to me, who had come hither in expectation of seeing it far differently occupied, the change was desolation. Good God! with what sensations of sadness, regret, and disappointment, did I look on the ancient and venerable edifice! —how many tears did I shed at the probability that the respected object of my journey was, if living, removed where no

grateful Abbot's indulgence would alleviate the hardships of confinement! and, if dead! the hope which supported my spirits in the lone, though short journey to the monastery, was no more; and I returned in a state of inexpressible dejection.

The Marquise was still more distressed; she had flattered herself into a confidence of the success of my mission, and that the wisdom of the pious Abbe would suggest some plan to ensure the safety of her daughter, whose health was again suffering from confinement, although she paid the stipulated visits at the villa. It was indeed no easy task to resist the soft persuasion of Ninon, the blunt hospitality of her mother, and the fine speeches of the orator.

The once brilliant Court of Louis XVI. which had, previous to the last violence, scarce deserved the name, seemed now to revive in lustre: not only all the friends to loyalty, but the lukewarm, who blushed for the degradation of their King, and even many known enemies, attended the levees; besides

besides which, the interference of some, the remonstrances of others, and the sedulous observation of foreign courts, contributed to raise such general interest, that people of all ages, rank, and country, crowded to Paris, to witness events which the pen of the historian never has, nor perhaps ever will parallel.

The foreigners, whose rank entitled them to consideration, were of course introduced at Court by their respective ambassadors; and the high rank, as well as respect, the Marquise de Courville held there, drew to our hotel a great number of foreign visitors.

The cards with English names, of course, particularly attracted me, and I had two in my hand when the Marquise came in.

"Somervine and Errol," said she, looking over my shoulder, "two of the most agreeable men I have seen; one so handsome, and the other so sensible."

They had called twice that day, the Marquise having told them at Court she should be

be at home. Muller in that moment entered, colouring and out of breath, to say a Swiss gentleman, of the name of Studgaurd, had private business with the Marquise.

"Studgaurd!" repeated the Marquise, "I never knew any person of that name."

Muller assured her there was no mistake; he had already shewn the Swiss gentleman into the little salon.

The Marquise perceived, whoever this Mr. Studgaurd was, he had uncommon interest with Muller, and she instantly followed him.

I expected the Swiss business would be short; but the mystery thickened every moment, and the Abbe Rocquelar entered, unannounced, more consequential, more erect, and more disagreeable than ever, at the same moment when the Marquise advanced towards me, led by a very handsome, middle-aged Swiss gentleman, apparently on such easy terms as very naturally accounted for the jealous rage which glared in every feature of the Abbe's face.

The

The Marquise changed colour. I could not account for her emotion; that of the Abbe proclaimed itself. She introduced Mr. Studgaurd as a Swiss gentleman, the former intimate of her late husband.

No invention could be less to the purpose. The Abbe had recourse to his gold snuff-box, and having forced several pinches up his nose with wonderful expedition, lamented that he, who had been the travelling companion of the late Marquis de Courville, did not happen to recollect Mr. Studgaurd.

The Marquise, who, in the long period she had been one of the chief ornaments of the French Court, had not yet got rid of her Bergen habit of blushing, now changed from the deepest red to pale, from pale to red.

Mr. Studgaurd made his *congé*, and the Abbe, who continued to measure him with his eyes, was following, when Madame Roland was announced; and though her husband

husband was no longer Minister, she was just now a person of too much consequence to be passed, by the Abbe, with a mere recognising bow. She had a thousand questions to ask Monsieur Rocquelar, not now *Abbe*, and it was out of all usage not to answer Madame, or, as she rather chose to be called, the wife of Roland.

I comprehended little of their jargon, it was so blended with Jacobin cant; and indeed the conversation must have been uncommonly interesting, which could divert my attention from the visit of the Swiss gentleman, about whom I suspected we were likely to become interested, and whose rencounter with the travelling companion of his deceased friend was evidently *mal-à-propos*.

After the Abbe had paid the Citoyenne as much of his hypocritical attention as he thought would impose both on her and us, he bowed and shrugged himself away.

"That man is a non-descript," said the Citoyenne,

Citoyenne, shrugging in her turn; but she was accompanied by a friend, to whom she must apologise for not announcing her.

The Marquise attended to this. For my part, I was almost turned to stone; the person to whom apology was due, in the presence of one of the Queen's ladies of honour, was Madame Pierre!—yes, the pretty Couthon!

Except as appertaining to the Queen, I am sure the Marquise never made an enemy; yet you see this woman of talent, this miserable ephemera of a bad day, pursuing her with every mortification her feeble invention could suggest, and not on the common motives of female malice or even envy—no, the wife of Roland was above the weakness of her sex, it was the zeal of liberty and equalization, the avarice of fame and downright civism, that turned her brain topsy-turvy.

She was not ignorant that Pierre had been the every thing to the Marquis de Courville in his libertine days; nor could she

she forget the department occupied by his wife in the establishment of Madame Chevereux: it was, nevertheless, really curious to observe the self-applause with which she managed the equalization of such opposite, as well as distant characters.

The very amiable manner of introduction, indeed, in strict etiquette, ought, I believe, to have demanded a salute; but though we were not weak enough to feel the Citoyenne's intentions in the way she no doubt expected, we dispensed with that ceremony.

The impertinence that followed is not in my memorandums. I thought the visit would last the day, till, to our great relief, Pierre recollected a visit they were going to pay at the villa of Madame Chevereux.

Monsieur l'Avocat, she heard, was indisposed; he was afflicted with some new megrims in his head, which, as it was believed he had found the old ones sufficiently troublesome, every body was sorry for.—

This

This was the first attempt at conversation of our old new acquaintance, beyond a monosyllable; and could one help being charmed with so much candour and charity for her once liberal employer?

The wife of Roland caught my eye; and if it had been the habit of a citoyenne, I really think she would have tried to blush, before she hastily descended to her carriage.

The moment they drove off, the Marquise flew to me.—"Oh, St. Herman," said she, "it was my brother, my dear brother, my dear, my only brother!"—I was petrified. No war ever commenced with more bitterness and decided rancour, than that now carrying on between the French and Germans; the former had actually massacred some of their own favourite generals, even when covered with wounds, merely because they retreated before superior numbers of the latter.

In Paris, death was in the name of a German; and, in the event of a discovery of Mr. Bergen, his would not only be the fate which all hostile countries justify to a detected

detected spy—he would be literally torn to pieces.

He had been met, if not recognised, by one who had formerly been in constant habits of seeing him, whose suspicions were already on the alert, who had at his command the army of spies, which, in the pay of the Jacobins, were stationed all over Paris; and in this predicament a miracle only could evade their inquisition.

The rapidity of my utterance almost equalled the acuteness of my feelings, as I run over these and many other causes of dire alarm to the Marquise, who, occupied only by the fondness and gratitude of sisterly affection for a brother, whose sole end in the journey to Paris was to escort her and her daughter to their venerable parents, had not considered the magnitude of the danger, nor the certain ruin of discovery.

As Mr. Bergen had lately resided near Lausanne, and as there were more than one native of Switzerland high in the employ and

and confidence of the Jacobins, he had found it almost as easy to obtain passports for Mr. Studgaurd, his wife, and sister, with their age and description, to leave Paris, as to obtain from Switzerland credentials to carry him thither. He had settled every thing previous to his interview with the Marquise; and the two English gentlemen who left their cards in the morning, were commissioned to apprise her of the arrangement, and prepare her for his reception.

The Marquise had, to his grief and surprise, avowed her unchangeable resolution of remaining with the Queen, and convinced him that a consciousness of right acting would support her in whatever exigence she might find herself, while performing so sacred a duty; but the opportunity of sending Adelaide to her natural protectors, of placing her innocence and her honour where only they would be properly respected, and securing to her broken fortunes the means to maintain her rank in the world, had struck her as desirable in every

every point of view. It is true, that she had to set against the justice, the propriety, and the necessity of parting from her only child, the many heart-aches of which a mother only can be sensible; the fond regret, the anxious solicitude, the tender apprehensions, the thousand, thousand various feelings to which maternal love can give no name, when parting from a daughter: but these, though tremblingly alive to all, were pangs of endurance that centered in self—all the advantage was to her daughter, and she resolved to bear and to suffer every thing in silence, with such an end in view.

Dear woman! how visionary was the hope which then played round her heart! Watched as we were, the Duke de Liancourt's plan for the escape of the Royal Family was not more difficult. I made her sensible of this; and when I but hinted the predicament in which her brother every moment stood, she was almost convulsed with apprehension.

Muller, who had followed Mr. Bergen,

was

was not returned. She had neglected to inform herself of his address, and was every moment more impatient to warn him of the consequence of his rencontre with the Abbe Rocquelar. The fear of his being sacrificed to the rancour of the Jacobins, and to the particular pique of the Abbe, had already rendered her insensible to half the good effects to be hoped from the escape of Adelaide.

" He is," said the Marquise, " the staff of my father's age. He has an amiable wife, and, ah! should he be lost to them, should so good a brother be the sacrifice of fraternal affection, how could I survive! But he must see Adelaide, he must bear such an impression of her to my father, and her paternal grandmother, as will bind them to remember her claims both on the house of Bergen and De Courville."

Nothing could be more natural or reasonable than these sentiments of the Marquise; but as meeting the Abbe, or being traced by his spies, was an accident on which Mr. Bergen's

Bergen's life depended, I advised his seeing Adelaide at the villa of M. Chevereux.

The Marquise disapproved that expedient; she would expose him to no new surmise, nor implicate the family of M. Chevereux in the danger of receiving him. One more interview she must herself risk, and her child should be present. If a probability yet remained of their getting off with safety, Adelaide would be ready; if not, the last solemn adieu must be personal.

I comprehended the motives for this determination; but though I was mortified to be always a croaker, my heart sunk, from the moment I knew of Mr. Bergen's arrival.

Muller's report a little encouraged us. The elder of the two English gentlemen was the most intimate friend of Mr. Bergen, and the younger a man of high rank and fashion, so particularly regarded by the English Ambassador, that considering the great point it was with the Revolutionists to keep well with England, gave them such unlimited

unlimited protection as extended to their friends. They lived at the same hotel; and the young gentleman generally dined every day at the Ambassador's table.

Mr. Bergen had never been out, but the once to our hotel, as his friend transacted every thing in regard to the passports with M. Closs, who, being himself a Swiss, was the less scrupulous with his countrymen.

So far all was well; but Muller had not yet told all. On his return he met the Abbe Rocquelar, who, after a number of indirect interrogations, offered him a purse, very respectably filled, to disclose all he knew, or heard, of the Swiss visitor; but he assured the Marquise, that although the Abbe fixed his fierce piercing eyes on him during this conversation, and though he certainly was himself in a great fright, he had been too guarded to drop the smallest hint of the real quality of the Swiss stranger.

Again we were unfortunate. Muller rightly judged, that to refuse a purse was not the way to make the Abbe believe he

would betray his trust; so he took the money, and hinted, that the Swiss gentleman had travelled to Paris, for the express purpose of offering his hand to the Marquise.

"And she will accept it," said the Abbe, with a voice and aspect so furious as frightened poor Muller.

He faltered—"No, no, not so—he did not pretend to say so."

"But I know so," roared the Abbe, darting from him, with every feature, and even limb, distorted.

The Marquise looked at me with a meaning of such despondence, and she sat down with such an air of hopeless grief, as sent poor Muller away in tears, and roused me to the necessity of active precaution.

We first dispatched Muller to attend Adelaide to Paris. The Marquise returned to the Castle to acquaint the Queen with her brother's arrival, to inform her of all that had happened, and to receive any command she might be pleased to entrust

to

to him; and I immediately ordered a *fiacre* to the British Ambassador's, to enquire the lodging of Mr. Bergen's friends, which a footman of his Excellency was so obliging as to shew me.

It was long since I had conversed with an Englishman; and there certainly is a suavity, a polish, a something one feels, without being able exactly to express, blended with the extreme politeness of the French manner, that, till one becomes acquainted with the *heart*, as well as *manner*, gives them a decided preference over every other country I have seen.

Mr. Somervine did not exactly reach the standard of polite perfection, to which I had, in my happy days, been used; but he equalled any one I had ever seen, in the lively, animated, good humour and good breeding, which, added to a fine person and handsome countenance, so pleased and delighted me, as, in a lady of a certain age, might have been thought a little extraordinary. Then he possessed such a frank-

ness of manner, such harmony of voice, in short, if he was not a complete Duke de Verencourt in the excess of politeness, he was the most distant in nature from any thing like Bourgeois.

The object of my visit no doubt agitated me, and the first glance of the young Englishman crowded so many and such painful recollections on my mind, that I never was more at a loss.

Mr. Somervine perceived my disorder. He ordered the servant to withdraw, and, addressing me in French, entreated me to be composed, and, as far as he had power, to command it.

I was still so much and so unaccountably agitated, that it was with difficulty I could name Mr. Bergen.

He was alarmed.—" Who, Madam—Bergen ! did you say Bergen ?—who is Mr. Bergen ?"

Although aware that, considering the consequence attached to the name, I had opened my mission in a very silly indiscreet way,

way, I was not yet collected, and my looks seemed to alarm Mr. Somervine, who, opening a door which led to another apartment —"Here is a lady," said he, "who enquires for a Mr. Bergen; do you, Mr. Errol, know such a person?"

Mr. Errol fixed a pair of the most penetrating black eyes I ever saw on me, as if he would see what was passing in my heart, and then, without speaking, returned to the other apartment, but immediately reappeared.

"You come, Madam," said he, "from—"

"From the——" In that moment it occurred to me that Muller might have been misinformed, that I might be betraying, instead of serving my friend, and, in short, I know not what doubts were shooting across my brain, when I saw, in the mirror before me, the shade of Mr. Bergen himself, advancing slow to the open door of the other apartment.

Still impressed with fear that I had been too precipitate, I could not speak.

"Have the goodness, Madam, to explain," said Mr. Somervine, "whom it is you enquire after."

I still was at a loss what to answer, when Mr. Bergen himself appeared, and I found there was no mistake. The English gentlemen were his confidential friends, and I had no longer any difficulty in explaining the whole object of my visit.

Mr. Bergen bore no military commission, so that there could be no just apprehension of his being considered as a spy, although it was, the gentlemen allowed, impossible to say what the majority of the Assembly would, or would not do; yet great consideration was certainly due to the circumstance on which I laid the principal stress. The character and power of the Abbe Rocquelar was very well known. The presumption of his address to the Marquise, which filled Mr. Bergen with indignation, was a very serious point; and the known vigilance of spies, whom, considering Mr. Bergen as likely to remove her

her out of the reach of his persecution, he would, and, perhaps, had already employed, filled them with so many apprehensions for their friend, that they urged all possible promptitude in the business, which, they persuaded themselves, was too well arranged to be disconcerted.

I was of their opinion; and the anxiety and distress which, Mr. Bergen declared, must eventually shorten his father's days, if the Marquise did not accompany him, furnished arguments for a prior and more sacred duty than that to which she devoted her life—a Quixotte loyalty, Mr. Errol called it, that might sooth, but could not serve, the Queen. At all events, the departure of Mr. Bergen, whether with or without his sister, was fixed upon to be indispensable, immediately after their next interview.

On my return, I found the Marquise bathed in tears.—"Ah, my friend," said she, "the Queen has actually dismissed me; she has bid me adieu for ever; she insists

on my accompanying my brother to Germany; she has neither peace nor hope, and yet she commands me from her. A lock of her hair only is the remembrance she forced on me to give the Emperor. But assist me, I conjure you, dear St. Herman, to prevail on Adelaide. I cannot, no, no, I never will abandon my dear injured mistress; but Adelaide, my child—alas! the Queen foresees, and is prepared for yet greater misfortunes than those she has already endured, and it is fit those on whom she has showered her favours should share them with her—but Adelaide has no such objection. Oh that I could prevail on her to go with her uncle!"

Adelaide soon arrived, accompanied by Ninon and Charlotte, eager to know the cause of the sudden recall. I whispered it was a secret, and desired Charlotte to take Ninon directly back.

"I obey my mother," said she, kissing my hands, "and I know, when it is proper, she will give me her confidence." It was indeed,

indeed, I dare say, easy enough to perceive some extraordinary matter was in agitation.

Turning out of the gate, they met the Abbe. Ninon let down the glass on her side.

"Forgive me," said she, "that I cannot stop to say more than good day. We have just looked in on Madame St. Herman, and are all returning."

"How is your father?" asked the Abbe; and without waiting an answer, passed on; and was let in, as usual, without suffering Canton to announce him.

We had before agreed the Marquise should not be visible.

His manner was, to stalk round the salon, adjust his figure before a mirror, pick his teeth, hold a sort of yes and no conversation with me, and depart, without bestowing one of his sometimes ready bows on any one on whom he had not some design; but he was now more conversibly disposed.

I took up my embroidery, anxious only to avoid the scrutiny of his frightful eye.

"You have had visitors?"

"Yes," I replied, pretending to understand he referred to the women he met in the morning. "We have more visitors than accords with the short time the Marquise can spare from her attendance at the Castle."

"And some visits are too interesting to be short."

"We have few of that description."

"The Swiss friend, however——"

"He is a stranger to me."

"You will be more acquainted."

"I am afraid not."

"How! afraid not! afraid!"

"Because he only passed through Paris, and has, I believe, already left it."

"Hoh! hoh! that, pardon me, Madam, is not probable!"

"It is, however, possible, Monsieur, and it is, I believe, also true."

"I do

"I do not implicitly admit either. How do you call him?"

"I have, in respect to foreign names, a bad memory; but I think it is something like ——gaurd."

"Suppose it should be Studgaurd?"

"That, I believe, is the name; it is Swiss."

"But if this Swiss should happen to be a German."

Heavens! how grateful was I to the embroidery! had not my face been averted, I should have sunk.

"He may be a Turk, for any thing I know or care," replied I, with an attempt at indifference, which I wished, without hoping, might pass on him.

"You have seen your daughter to-day?"

I bowed over the frame, without daring to trust my voice.

"And the Marquise has also seen Mademoiselle de Courville?"

Ignorant how he came by his intelligence, as well as how far it reached, I

ventured to admire the villa of M. Chevereux, the situation, salubrity of the air, and hospitality of the owners. A visit from the Chevalier was a most welcome relief.

The cordiality between these two friends had somewhat abated of its ardour; they were, however, affecting great pleasure at the rencounter, when again Citoyenne Pierre, and the wife of Roland, were announced. They had changed their route in the morning, and were now going to visit the Chevereux. They called to ask if I had now any thing to say to Charlotte.

"She is in town," said the Chevalier, "and Mademoiselle de Courville."

"No," I answered, "they had returned."

Madame Roland, who, to the admiration of some, and annoyance of others, could never conquer the habit of talking on public affairs, asked the Abbe if he thought, at the next visit of the people to the Castle, Louis would persist in negativing the two popular decrees?

"There

" There will be no second visit," said the Chevalier.

" How! is M. Verencourt no better informed? *There will* be a second visit, and it will succeed better than the first."

The Abbe pretended ignorance.

" He must do it at last," said the virago; " he has no longer his guards."

" Guards!" repeated the Chevalier; " the people were not annoyed by *them,* at the first visit."

" No! but I wanted to ask the Marquise, if they were not a little afraid. Louis once said, he ' knew not what the sensation of fear was,' but we shall see."

Madame Pierre, who, though she had full employ for her little mind in adjusting the ornaments of her elegant dress, thought it incumbent on her to be heard as well as seen, and earnestly pressed the Chevalier to escort them.

He excused himself; she persisted; and at length, after an air of sudden recollection, he complied.

" My

"My God!" thought I, "is every incident that occurs to add to our embarrassment! He will discover that Adelaide is not there; he will take the alarm; he will probably disclose it to the Abbe."—In short, there was hardly one bad consequence I did not anticipate, and yet I dared not say a word. In the midst of my confusion, I observed the arrangement seemed to please the Abbe, though I did not understand why—but I dispatched a billet to Charlotte, charging her to extort the Chevalier's promise not to mention the absence of Adelaide till he saw me.

When we were once more at liberty to discuss our affairs, I adverted to the hints of the Citoyenne, and reminded the Marquise that even M. Chevereux was frightened; the patriot, the speaker, trembled for himself and his daughter—that was a certain fact. And what had ladies, who, besides their natural helplessness, were attached to the party destined to destruction, and who had personal enemies among the powerful

powerful of the wicked—what had they to expect, in a convulsion of the state, so boldly prognosticated by the Citoyenne, who had, indeed, shewn the sentiments of her heart at the expence of her head?

I repeated the words of the sensible Errol, and finally reminded her of the age, the grief, and commands, of her venerable father.

Adelaide was present. If all the various feelings of a fond mother centered in her daughter, that daughter was no less solicitous to save her mother. She seconded all my arguments—she reasoned—she implored—and, what indeed had more weight than all, declared her resolution not to be separated from her mother.

I should insult your good sense and judgment, Madam, were I to pretend that I did not also reflect on my own situation, and that my daughter was not the object of my tender concern.

The English gentlemen, with whom I so long conversed in the morning, had the goodness to express themselves interested in

in my fate. I had already obtained a passport for myself and two daughters, and should not find it more difficult to get it renewed for one.

Rome, where my heart prompted me to go, was, in respect to reaching it from Paris, out of the question. My daughter's affections were bound to Adelaide; but Germany was also an interdicted country from Paris. The gentlemens' advice and my own judgment, therefore, pointed to England, from whence I should have an easy access to either of our friends.

I had jewels of considerable value; and if peace was re-established in France, as I could not be proved an emigrant, my claims on the French funds would not be denied. I should not, therefore, be in absolute necessity; and, perhaps, instead of my going to Rome, the Duchess might leave the seat of war, and join us in England, or we might all meet in Germany—no matter where, so that we *did* meet, in peace and safety.

"The

"The more actions of depth and danger are considered, the worse are they performed," said I to the Marquise, who, drowned in tears, silent and irresolute, rested her head on Adelaide's shoulder.

I believe I have before remarked, that Adelaide had acquired fortitude from the circumstance, which might have been expected to have exactly the contrary effect: she soothed—she encouraged, and persuaded her mother, till, having obviated all her arguments, the Marquise sunk back in listless despair, and we immediately set about the necessary preparations for the journey; for my own part, I had resolved to join Charlotte at M. Chevereux's villa—return from thence to the Ambassador's—and leave France before the emigration of my friend was discovered.

The Marquise had left her woman at the Castle—Adrian, the worthy, faithful Adrian, whose fidelity would stand a fiery ordeal, was not to be trusted; it was impossible to let

let her attend Adelaide—and her grief at parting from her would excite suspicion.

The Swiss porter was incorruptible, and Muller's fidelity unshaken; so that I wrote, as we had nothing to fear at home, to Mr. Errol, in the course of the evening, to inform him the carriage had only to stop at the end of the colonnade, at midnight, and all would be ready.

The plain travelling dresses which, out of our united wardrobe, we contrived to select, would have disguised them even from our own people; but as Adrian knew a visitor was expected, who it was not wished should be seen, she took care of them.

The Marquise had written a long affecting letter to the Queen—it lay bathed in tears before her. Adelaide had also bid what she hoped would be a short adieu to Charlotte, and a long one to Ninon. Adrian was sent to a distant apartment: they were dressed for their journey—it was the appointed

appointed moment—all was silent—it seemed to me a pause of nature.

Footsteps approached, and we distinctly heard more than one low voice.

"Gracious God!" cried the Marquise, "this is not my brother; he would be silent as the grave."—We all advanced towards the door; it was opened, and the Marquise fell senseless at the feet of the Chevalier de V.

I should certainly have been equally affected, had I not seen the two English gentlemen, and I could not bring myself to fear them.

We were now obliged to summons Adrian—"All, I suppose," cried I, "is over."

Mr. Errol took my hand—"It is," said he, "but our friend is safe."

The Marquise was in convulsions; it was no time for explanation. She was carried to her apartment.

"Allow me, Madam," said Mr. Errol; "I am

"I am a medical man."—He followed her without further permission.

Adelaide followed her mother, and I was hastening to her also. The Chevalier advanced. I had concluded him to be at the bottom of this interruption, and, too indignant to speak, pushed by him.

Mr. Somervine stopped me—"Such," said he, "are the untoward circumstances of this disappointment, that I doubt whether I may hope your safety will allow me again to pay my respects at this hotel. I shall see the Marquise at the Castle, and explain *all* to her there; but I must not defer a moment telling you, we owe the life of our friend to this gentleman."

"To the Chevalier!" I replied, in astonishment.

"To him; he has acted nobly—generously."

Mr. Errol joined them—"We have given you all the consolation in our power," said he, "and must leave you."

They descended hastily to the court; and while

while poor Muller stood aghast, only consoled by a whisper from me that Bergen was safe, they went away, as he said they entered, by a signal from without, singly.

The Marquise continued indisposed several days; but the Queen, who was informed of all that had occurred, did not cease every day to write.—"I would have spared you," said that generous woman, "for your own sake, but how shall I say, how welcome your return will be for mine."

I noted the pleased look of the Abbe Rocquelar, when the Chevalier agreed to escort the two citoyennes to the country, and afterwards found that, under the first impression of jealousy, he had pondered on the story of the Swiss lover, till, on retracing the habits of the Marquise, he could not reconcile the freedom of her manner to the stranger, with her usual delicate conduct. The view of his face had been transient, yet the features were familiar, though it was in vain he tortured his memory to identify them; but, whether lover

or

or friend, his conscience informed him the end in view must be inimical to his views. He had always hitherto depended on the attachment of the Marquise to the Queen; but something, like one of my forebodings, staggered his faith in that particular, when he met the carriage of M. Chevereux—when Ninon endeavoured to conceal who were in it—and when afterwards he heard me equivocate about Adelaide.

What in the whole creation is more wonderful, than the sudden intuitive intelligence of mind, that, after remaining torpid to the most glaring facts, shall in a moment be informed from the most obscure causes?

One accidental glance of the Abbe, as he stalked round the salon, at a whole length portrait of Joseph Bergen when a boy, in a moment solved the enigma on which he was so deeply meditating.

Wolves are said to change their hairs, but not their habits. Whether the Abbe was still violently enamoured of the person of the Marquise,

Marquise, which, to own the truth, was beginning to betray the traces of time and care, was his own secret; but certain it is, that a rooted passion for the valuables in the Hotel de Courville, and the fortune she possessed, still glowed, with unabated ardour. So that, in fact, such an act of covert treason, as snatching from him a long, long wished-for prey, at what was a very critical period, deserved no mercy, and none, he resolved, it should receive: his interest, his inclinations, his avarice, were at stake; and he considered that as, "in the multitude there is safety," there was one whose heart would, at least, league with him to prevent the emigration of Adelaide de Courville. The compact, it is true, that cemented their friendship, was weakened; yet, when self is the object, what need of compacts? He was pleased to know where his old ally might be found, if necessary—if not, he cared not how little their affairs were blended, inasmuch as his mind was made up, as to the nothing he should spare towards

towards the establishment of Adelaide out of her mother's fortune.

The Abbe lost no time; while the Chevalier was making a very unpleasant discovery, respecting the absence of Adelaide in the country, the spies were on full scent in town. The counterfeit Swiss was traced to his lodging; it was found Madame St. Herman had a long interview with him there in the morning; his friends, the English gentlemen, were also traced, one of whom had obtained, by means of Closs, three passports, exactly answering the description of the Marquise, her daughter, and this counterfeit Swiss; and it was also proved that spies found their way into the Palace, by their account of the emotions of Maria Antoinette, on parting with the Marquise on the same day.

The Abbe's ignoble blood boiled in his veins; and he was only prevented from immediately denouncing the heir of that house, whence he derived the most essential benefits, by motives that entirely regarded

himself. He had now done with the feelings of the Marquise; she persevered in despising him, notwithstanding his power; and the question, whether he yet desired her person, was growing to a very nice point. But a perverse combination of circumstances, in former events, often recurred to himself; to inform against the brother, to denounce, to condemn him to death, when on the point of marrying the sister, was awkward—and he sent for the Chevalier, with the hope of making him the active party, instead of himself.

The Chevalier was ill enough at ease: his mind misgave him. Adelaide was said to be neither in Paris, nor with Ninon, and where else was it likely she should be?

The eyes of the Abbe followed that of the Chevalier; he perceived that the intended emigration excited appropriate interest; he saw the change from indignation to tenderness; he watched the passions, he knew their influence, and he was encouraged to open his intentions without reserve.

" Joseph Bergen," said he, " is an enemy; he got into Paris in disguise; his motives are enveloped in mystery——"

" They are plain enough to us," interrupted the Chevalier.

" We are not called on to declare that," said the Abbe.—" He is a German—will be treated as a spy; he will be put out of the way. The Marquise will be kept in ignorance—and she has no more brothers."

The Chevalier was visibly astonished—the Abbe piqued; and they were on the point of parting, not the best of friends, when the former avowed his recantation. He adopted the sentiments, the plan, and even the prudence of the Abbe: he agreed that a domestic should give the information; that he would himself denounce the counterfeit Swiss; and he swore never to reveal the affair to the Marquise.

" *Allons* then," said the Abbe.

" Not to-night," replied the Chevalier.

" To-morrow, then."

" Yes, to-morrow."

They

They parted—the Abbe to deceive his ally, whom he not a little suspected, by making his servant give immediate information; the Chevalier, to save, if possible, an innocent man, the nearest kinsman of a woman he adored.

The three friends were together. A stranger, in breathless agitation, insisted on being admitted.

"Mr. Bergen," said he, "is informed against as a spy; in twenty minutes he will be seized; before this hour to-morrow he will be no more. Here is a passport for Frederick Von Branc, a Dutch officer; it will carry him safe to Dieppe. He must take the sea there, at all risks; he has not a moment to loose."

One may easily conceive the consternation of the party.

"*Trust* me, Sir," continued the stranger. "You have passports for Switzerland; if you had happened to be out of the way when they came to seize you, you would be stopped at the barriers. You meditate

an act of more consequence to some of us, than the German diadem, but you are prevented. I repeat, *trust me.* I shall not leave your friends till the truth of what I say is proved; but time advances—you must be gone, or the world will not save you."

Mr. Errol snatched the passport in one hand, and dragged his friend away with the other.

"I must not be seen," said the Chevalier to Mr. Somervine, "but will return the moment they have searched."

He had scarce departed before municipal officers entered, who searched not only that house, but several adjoining ones, with the most minute exactness.

The Chevalier soon returned. Bergen had passed the barriers. The passport bore a particular mark, which the Chevalier knew would not be disputed; it was a secret of D. O.'s, for the use of himself and friends, of which even the Abbe was ignorant, and which was a purchase of no small price.

The

The consternation of the friends had not yet subsided; they were certainly convinced Mr. Bergen's life had been saved by the stranger—but his interference was so mysterious, and the whole transaction so sudden, they could not even thank him with the cordiality so great a service seemed to demand.

The Chevalier wanted not penetration: he announced himself, and related his own history, to which he gave the true colour, without disgusting the hearers, who could easily pardon errors, which only proved the excesses into which young minds are plunged by unchecked passion, because their hearts were not, like ours, lacerated by the consequences.

The Chevalier's manners were elegant and impressive; he had an air of quality, and knew how to give his sentiments the tone of justice and generosity.

Mr. Somervine was charmed, and Mr. Errol pleased; they returned his frankness with confidence—but he had command

enough of his countenance to conceal his feelings, on finding how near the hour was that would have separated him for ever from Adelaide.

The situation of the Marquise and her daughter when, every moment, expecting Mr. Bergen's appearance agreeable to my letter, was next the subject of their consideration. The myrmidons of the Abbe, if not himself, would doubtless be at the barriers, and perhaps, indeed, surround the Hotel de Courville. The business was too delicate to entrust to a messenger, and they agreed to apprise the Marquise of what had happened themselves.

The situation of Joseph Bergen and his amiable wife, at Bergen Castle, after the arrival of the Countess and the marriage of Antoinette, was by no means enviable; but it was now several years since they inherited, from a kinsman of Madame Bergen, a beautiful mansion and moderate estate, near Lausanne, to which they joyfully removed.

The Count, when left to his grandeur and

and accumulating riches, and the Countess to her beauty and caprice, gradually sunk into that apathy, which, in advanced life, is often the concomitant of ease and affluence—civil to others, and tenaciously careful of themselves.

The murder of the Marquis de Courville, however, a little awakened them to the world. The Countess not only lamented and mourned the fate of her own son, but reminded her husband, that twelve years had elapsed since he had seen his.

"And it is much more," replied the Count, "since my Antoinette left her father's roof."

The Countess considered that, at the early age of sixty-three, there would be infinite generosity in foregoing her claims to supereminent beauty, in favour of a grand-daughter, of whom all who had seen her spoke in raptures—and, soon after, both the son and daughter of Count Bergen were invited to return with their families to their parental home.

But the Marquise was no longer, in heart, a German: it was impossible for her to have loved the Countess; and, certainly, the stern manners of the Count himself, were ill calculated to preserve more than the dutiful recollections of a beautiful young girl, after she became one of the favourites of a French Court—besides which, nothing could then detach her from the Queen.

Joseph, on his part, complied with the invitation of his father and the Countess, so far as to pay them yearly visits; but he, too justly, appreciated the sweets of moderate independence, to exchange it wholly for the gloomy magnificence of Bergen Castle.

His own house was not more distinguished as the resort of talent, science, and friendship, than for the hospitality of its owner. He was his own steward, and his lady her own housekeeper; so it is needless to say, they enjoyed their fortune without outliving it—and, in respect to futurity,

futurity, there was the Bergen inheritance for their children, if Providence should bless them with any, which had not hitherto happened.

Among the foreigners who visited this agreeable family on the tour through Switzerland, Mr. Errol, who might rather be called a frequent than a great traveller, was the one with whom the mind of Mr. Bergen most cordially assimilated: they had contracted one of those permanent friendships which, being founded on a confidence in the virtue and integrity of each other, is immortal; they had, till within the last three years, met for many summers, and no avocation or accident was suffered to interrupt the regularity of their correspondence.

Mr. Errol was esteemed an eccentric man; and, perhaps, considering his obstinate adherence to certain uncommon prejudices, both for and against the practice of the world, not unjustly so. He called himself an issolated being; and all the

natural affections of his nature were fixed on a very young boy, whom he met, by accident, under the care of an English tutor, at Lausanne. This boy he had offered to adopt, before he understood that he was the heir of a British Nobleman of rank and fortune, who, like himself, and with more reasons, was also esteemed an eccentric man.

The tutor and the boy were, in the second year of what Mr. Errol called his dotage, ordered to England, Lord Castlebank being in ill health, on which account he resided in the south of Devonshire; and there, in a short time, also resided Mr. Errol.

Lord Castlebank was delighted with his new neighbour, who, besides the perfect manners of a gentleman, having been educated in the study of physic, his advice and care were as advantageous to the shattered constitution of the old Peer, as his undeviating attention, and even labour, was to the improvement of the heir.

When college was proposed for young Somervine,

Somervine, Errol would go to college too; but this Lord Castlebank could not allow because, though no Lord could be more doatingly fond of an heir, this Lord was still more partial to himself—so the college was home.

But when it was proper the young man should go abroad, his Lordship's health being re-established, he was too sensible of the benefit to Mr. Somervine of such a friend and companion, not to accept the voluntary offer of Mr. Errol to accompany him, with every possible acknowledgment, provided the Doctor would accept a remuneration.

"If," said the Doctor, "my accompanying Mr. Somervine is to gratify myself, the smallest remuneration is too much—if to pay me for the only thing I think worth an estimate, which is time, your whole fortune is too little. I go as a free denizen, or not at all."

"You are an oddity," said Lord Castlebank; "but do as you please in respect to

yourself, provided you adhere to certain whimsical stipulations of mine, in respect to Somervine."

"Let me know what they are," said Errol: "if I am with him, I shall feel it a duty to inculcate obedience to your Lordship; but, if I do not like the terms, I make my bow."

The condition was simply, implicit confidence from Somervine to Errol, and from Errol to his Lordship, of not only every action, but their motive; no restriction whatever was annexed--and as Somervine did not, Errol could not, object.

Some young men would have evaded, or broken, the letter of such an agreement. Somervine did neither—pretending to no greater portion of prudence than others of his age and rank, he dared open the secret recesses of his heart to Doctor Errol, because his natural propensities never led him into follies which the Doctor, though not a man of error himself, did not pardon as venal; and because the corrections of

Lord

Lord Castlebank were so lenient, that the most painful sentiment they excited was his own self-reproach.

This friend and his pupil were at the house of Joseph Bergen, when an express arrived, announcing that news from France had thrown the gout into the stomach of the Count, whose life was in extreme danger; his presence was desired with all possible expedition at Bergen, and he was too good a son to hesitate a moment.

The news from France had indeed spread far and wide. A good King and his family, imprisoned in his own palace, was an exhibition so new and extraordinary, as attracted an equal proportion of the curious and idle from all the neighbouring states. Our travellers were, at this moment, both curious, and, if not idle, at complete leisure. They were on their return home, after a three year's tour on the Continent, during which they had twice seen Paris; but Mr. Errol being of opinion that Paris, as it was, and as it is, differed enough to

justify a traveller's desire to revisit it, even though on the eve of returning home, they resolved to set off, and be guided in their return through Switzerland or Germany by the domestic circumstances of their friend Bergen.

That friend, however, was before them on the same road, though with different motives.

A sick-bed, if death is suspected to hover any where near, is a fine school for reflection; the Count's were all brought home on his; and the moment his son appeared —"Ah Joseph," said he, "how can we appease our conscience, for leaving your poor widowed sister and her fatherless child?"

"My grand-daughter," joined the Countess, "to be massacred in that sink of iniquity, Paris!"

Joseph, conscious that, in the bosom of happiness himself, he had sometimes forgot such a being as Antoinette existed, and, affected by the situation of his father, instantly

instantly acceded to the joint request of the Count and Countess; and after procuring such credentials as were necessary, set off in the habit of a Swiss, on an enterprise of more danger than either himself or his friends could apprehend.

The habit was no disguise to the two English friends.—" If ever I saw Joseph Bergen, we passed him this moment at the post-house," said Doctor Errol.

Mr. Somervine hardly thought it possible; but the drivers were ordered to stop, and a few moments reunited a friendly society, within a post of Paris, who parted a very short time before in Switzerland, with just as much intention of meeting in Turkey as in France.

Such was the steady and affectionate attachment of the Marquise to the Queen, that when satisfied of her brother's safety, she could hardly be said to grieve at the renewed obligation to continue at Court, except when affected by the silent eloquence

quence of her daughter's tears. To me, I confess, the disappointment was grievous.

The Abbe did not approach us for eight days. We concluded he was employed in vain search after the worthy Bergen, who, as he had not made use of Swiss passports, he might infer was still at Paris.

Neither had the Chevalier presented himself; nor did the English gentlemen once call at our hotel. They met the Marquise at Court, and it was there they informed her of the particulars of her brother's escape. They talked of leaving Paris themselves; and the emotion I felt when I heard it, can only be accounted for, by the dread in which all our friends were, of the threatened second visit to the Palais.

In the midst of confusion, to which no language can give a descriptive name, the deplored era of French degradation was again to be celebrated; but the last federation, which the Queen thought the climax of her mortifications, was a day of jubilee

to

to this. We had no longer any thing but life to lose; and as the mock feast could not ensure that, none of the ladies from the Castle, and you may be sure none from our hotel, were seen out; it was enough for me to remember the last, and to mourn over the comforts, blessings, and friends lost in one short year.

The army of savages, the federates, as they called the crew of idle vagabonds, the refuse of all France, were invited to assist at this *Pandæmonium*, the high capital of Satan and his peers. I need say no more of them, when you know that *Vive le Nation*, and *Down with Veto*, saluted the good King from all parts of the horrible assemblage, and continued as long as he was present.

All was now given up. The King's friends were dragged every day to death: the scaffold was deluged with the blood of the Nobles; denunciation was conviction, and suspicion death. Liberty was the shout night and day; while avarice, rapine, and revenge,

revenge, were the only rule of the ferocious rulers.

In vain the King exerted the dignity of a sovereign, the authority of a father, and the solicitude of a friend. A fellow of the name of Isnard declared his letters contained nothing but a heap of falshoods, and demanded his dethronement.

There was now, the Marquise said, no hope of saving the Royal Family but by escape, and that, added she, has been too long deferred. Among a thousand plans suggested by our friends, the one likely to succeed was confided to Monsieur, and is already in the Brussels gazette.

Not only those "friends of season who follow fortune, and in the winter of their fate forsake the place whose glories warmed them," but people of all sorts, rank, and description, shunned the very air of the Court.

The two English friends, however, yet continued at Paris. Mr. Somervine resolved

solved to witness the end of the present convulsion, although his friend was every day more anxious to ascertain the safety of Mr. Bergen, which he had no chance of doing in Paris; and as this was the first instance in which his young friend opposed any point connected with his happiness, he was not always in humour to attend the Court with him, though he exceedingly respected the Marquise; and still less was he inclined to accompany him in his frequent equestrian excursions, without an object in view.

The Marquise, every hour more anxious for Adelaide, mentioned the passport I had before obtained for myself and *two* daughters, and hinted to Mr. Somervine the great importance of getting it renewed; but the caution, on which perhaps the liberty, and even lives of the many English then at Paris depended, and the vigilance of the municipality, was such, that the Minister had exacted the parole of his friends not to risk the safety of their own people by

by favouring the unfortunates of France, and he could not give her hope of success. The amiable woman forgot, in her maternal solicitude, that in respect to parting from her, Adelaide, though gentleness and obedience personified in other respects, was inflexible.

Of my passport, however, Mr. Errol promised to take care, though he hinted his surprise at our uneasiness, since our friend the Chevalier had so much in his power; but Mr. Errol knew not the price set on that power.

The Abbe Rocqueiar at length appeared. Care and sorrow may alter the countenance; but it is vice only that deforms it. "*His* countenance was civil war itself, and in his looks was the paleness of death." His eyes glared round the salon. He was not, as usual, alone; the most cruel, daring, and abandoned of all the renegade monks, Chabot, stalked in by his side.

He took on himself to be the Ciceroni of the hotel; shewed the pictures; and they had

had the turpitude to descant on the beauty of a Madona and child, by one of the first masters.

The effect of this visit on our two girls was such, that we resolved they should in future keep their apartment.

"At length," said the Marquise, "I have a ray of hope. Bertrand, the faithful Bertrand, has arranged the escape of the King and Queen with the Dauphin, quite unattended, and it has a prospect of success. The Princess, Madame Royale, and all the Court remain.—'If,' said the former, 'the King escapes, the wretches will be too guilt-struck to injure us; if they fail, we know what is intended, and risk nothing.'—While we were speaking, the Chevalier demanded an audience.

Poor Chevalier! be his faults no more remembered. His agitation cannot be described; large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and still larger tears dropped from his eyes.—"Ah! what," I

longed

longed to say, "hast thou done with thy innocent self?"

"I come not now," said he, "to offer the means of escape, or weary you with demands of reward. My soul is oppressed with guilt, and torn by remorse; it is unworthy to contain an altar of love for Adelaide—she is no longer my ruling star—all within me is darkness and despair. If, in the chaos in which I am lost, a single consolation arises, it is in the hope that I saved the worthy Joseph Bergen; yet do not imagine I mean to extort gratitude, or that I would have prevented your escape: Oh no! would to God it had been effected, but after once alarming Rocquelar, that was impossible.

"This audience, the last I may ask, is not, as heretofore, to implore Adelaide to barter happiness for liberty, but to say, I am, like herself, without means to escape. The passports on which I depended, when last I persecuted her with my hopeless passion, are no longer secure.

A few

A few days, and Royalty will be no more; it will sink "without a reed that dare offer so much to its fallen state as pity." A few days, and thousands of the erect beings who now tread on earth, will welter in their blood! A few days, and my weary spirit will be at rest; but that one, that only object who was my fate in life, will not cease to occupy me in death!"

These were sentiments, and this a picture that could only be answered with tears. He also wept.

"You are," said he, addressing the Marquise, "too near the Castle. I invite you to an asylum, where, though there will be no host to receive you, he has been, you will find, not less attentive to your accommodation. If your hotel becomes unsafe, fly, I conjure you, to the ruins of the Palais de Verencourt."

"The Palais de Verencourt!" she repeated with surprise.

"Let Muller," he continued, "attend me thither this evening. There is yet a shelter,

shelter, and if it prove a safe one to you, and I should live to know it——." He paused.

"It is levelled to the ground," said Charlotte.

"No," he answered; "when the workmen, who, in the first flash of justice, (alas! it is long since justice has been more than a flash, in this unhappy country), just cleared enough of the rubbish from the inner court to leave a passage into the wine vaults, which of course they emptied, they were ignorant of the access from thence into some of the servants' apartments, which are in a perfect state. The events that *will* take place, must, I think, be brief, and may be followed by remorse. In that case, mercy will supercede cruelty, and justice resume its reign; but this is the language of hope, not expectation. If I drag on a miserable existence till then, it will be for your sakes; if not," and he bent his knee before the Marquise, "bear, Madame, to the feet of their Majesties, the sentiments in which I die;

die; assure them, that though I know the treason would not have been less complete without my apostacy, I offer no alleviation of my crimes from so poor a plea. The ruin, which not opposing, I assisted, weighs heavy on my soul; but the destruction I cannot avert, they shall behold me sharing. Give Muller," he added, rising, "the directions I require—and, when you can, remember me with compassion."—He left us with precipitation.

"If I die to-morrow," said Adelaide, "this will be one of my dearest consolations."

"And if I live for ever," said Charlotte, "I shall remember this with joy."—Joy! alas, it was not now we could hope for joy.

The Court, on the following Sunday, was never more crowded; the lively interest all felt for the King and Queen was to be read in their countenances; one seemed to look for the painful expression of a last adieu—the eyes of many filled with tears. I felt in the same moment an eager wish to

approach the Royal and interesting Family, and a sinking at my heart that took from me the power to press near them. I tore myself from the afflicting scene, little thinking I had beheld them together for the last time.

The plan of the faithful Bertrand was again postponed. Flattered by the uncommon crowd at the levee, their Majesties persuaded themselves that the danger had been exaggerated; and, perhaps, depending a little on what, in fact, completed their destruction—the alertness of the Emperor's troops, and the Brunswick gasconade. So much, indeed, were we revived by the appearance of the day, that we acceded to the request of Charlotte, and visited the villa of the Chevereux.

But the time was passed when the appearance of Charlotte made a little holiday there. Our reception, on the contrary, was so cold, so formal, and yet so embarrassed, that I was extremely piqued; and, at length, when tired of the silence of the lady,

lady, and the monosyllables of her husband, I proposed an immediate return. So far from the usual hospitable—"You shall not," Madame C. herself rose to order the carriage.

Charlotte, who perfectly knew the people, more curious to develop the cause than angry at the effect, insisted on seeing Ninon, to whose apartment she hastened, in spite of the opposition of her mother. Adelaide remained with me, and we strolled into their beautiful garden.

"You are not to touch the plants," said Madame Chevereux, following us.

I angrily replied—"I am not in the habit of touching what does not belong to me."

"I know that very well; but *you* do *not* know that the wife of Roland and Madame Pierre were here yesterday; they chose," and she wiped her eyes, "to have all the foreign plants, and I cannot——"

"Refuse them," said I, smiling.

" You are right, Mad—Citoyenne, you are right."

I then comprehended the distress of poor Citoyenne Chevereux, as far as regarded our reception—and was observing the variety of changes in the colour of her immense face, when Charlotte joined us; and the glances at her old favourite were not less changeable than her colour—one moment kind, the next repulsive.

Charlotte, however, bid both her and M. *l'Avocat* an affectionate adieu, and hurried before us to the carriage. We returned the salute of Ninon, who, from a window, visibly indisposed, witnessed our departure, and drove off.

" The poor Deputy," said Charlotte, " after all his fine speeches, is very much afraid of his head. It was new laws, not new Kings, for which he was so eloquent an advocate; but the blessing of his connexions render it now more dangerous to recede than to advance—and Madame Pierre had yesterday the goodness to hint, that

that neither his head-aches, nor intimacy with Aristocrats, escaped the notice of the Club."

"Now," said the little Orator, "I will rather lose my head, than give up the aches, and vote my own damnation; but, as to the Aristocrats, we can do without them."

"But," replied his spouse, "you talk about heads as if they were buttons for the uniform of National Guards. Had you seen the mouth of Monsieur Foulon stuffed with hay—or Monsieur Berthier's cut to pieces —or——"

The Deputy put his hands to his head to feel if all was in its place there.—"Silence," said he, "I have often told you, is the gift of the Gods."

"Yes," she replied, peevishly; "but it is a gift, you well know, I never could persuade you to accept."—Poor Madame C. forgot that silence was precisely the gift she most devoutly sent to the *diable*.

Monsieur, however, was too intense in thought to contradict her. He sent for

Ninon, and was going to explain to her the harsh decrees of the Assembly, which impelled the law of self-preservation; but the moment she understood that indulgence to her was danger to her parents, she threw herself at their feet, and declared her readiness to sacrifice, not only the pleasure of her life, but life itself, to their safety.

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Chevereux, "what a treasure is so good a child!"

"Yes, my friend," replied his wife; "and remember you would never have had such a treasure, but for me.—'Remember!' I am sure I never shall forget who said that to me—Yes, and she has a daughter too as well as you, and a son quite a beauty. Now you know that is what I always wished for; but you——"

"Would you change Ninon for a boy?"

"No, to be sure—not for a crown; but crowns are foolish things—not for a diamond as big as Notre Dame."

It was not that the Citoyenne did not feel

feel the most affectionate interest in her husband's safety, and her daughter's happiness; but she was very much out of humour with the new order of things. Her husband had lost the plaudits of the gallery—the hawkers had lost the fine speeches of the people's friend—she had lost her liveries, her epaulets, her rank as first citoyenne—and moreover, the day of filling the finest house in Paris, with the finest company, to eat the finest suppers, were over—and, to complete all, that comical soul, Charlotte St. Herman, was not permitted to scold and make her laugh.

"This, then," said Adelaide, "may be our last visit to dear Ninon."

Muller's account of the Palais de Verencourt agreed with the Chevalier's; it was generally thought to be a complete ruin, and dangerous to venture among the fallen pillars, for fear of being crushed to death, or entombed alive; and though our hopes were just now a little bouyant, and we flattered

ourselves we should not be reduced to the necessity of such a resource, it occurred to the Marquise that preparation was not acceleration.

We dared not meddle with the seals of the detested Abbe. I had some valuable jewels, which, with those of Adelaide, and our small stock of money, except a few Louis, together with the trifling ornaments the Marquise happened to have out of the sealed repositories, I put into such small cases as would hold them; and, taking Muller's arm, we carried the treasure to the lodging of our English friends, intending to commit it to their charge—but they were absent, their return uncertain, and no domestic belonging to them to be found.

My mind strongly impelled me to go to the Ambassador's, but recollecting I could give no sufficient reason for such precaution just then, I returned, more dejected and disappointed than I could justify to myself. But how I regretted that I had not

not followed the involuntary impulse, when I found a billet from the Marquise, the contents of which deprived me for some time of all my boasted presence of mind! The visitation, so dreaded, was certain; the Palace was preparing for defence; and the Queen in a state that demanded the attendance of all her friends.

"I too," said Adelaide, wringing her hands, "am one of these, at least I am my mother's friend—and no danger, no situation, no suffering, nothing but death, shall separate me from her. I will go instantly to the Castle--Muller shall conduct me."

It was in vain I represented the danger, and entreated her to wait till we heard again from the Marquise.

"Whatever the danger," she replied, "it will encrease, and the to-morrow, that is to bring me another billet from my mother, may never come—now, this very now. Farewell, my dear Madame St. Herman! farewell, Charlotte! alas, perhaps for ever!"—and she flew to the stairs, call-

ing for Muller, who had run to the Assembly the moment he lodged me and my treasure in safety.

The deposition of the King was in agitation, and it was known that many of the friends of Royalty were murdered; one in particular, who moved that the Marseillois should be sent out of Paris before the question was discussed, was assassinated on the step of his own house.

Muller returned, pale and trembling, with this account; and you will conceive his surprise, when the delicate, timid Adelaide demanded his conduct to the Castle, from which not all his representations of the scenes he had witnessed, and those she must probably encounter, could divert her. Charlotte hung, weeping, round her; she stopped her passage to the door on her knees, shrieked, tore her hair—but Adelaide, though herself trembling and looking like a spectre, persisted. I was scarce in my senses.

What,

What, in so trying, so awful a predicament, could I do? Oh, could I part, perhaps for ever, from the sweet enthusiast? could I embrace my own safety, and cry "God help my friends!" those friends who had been the world to me. And what, indeed, was the world, if I lost all that had fostered my deserted state, and succoured my child? If the Marquise, if Adelaide had not actually done this themselves, they were the representatives, the pledges of those who had.

Charlotte, whose warm heart never was stayed by deliberation, anticipated the fond impulse of mine.—"Shall *we* not go too, my mother?" said she—"Shall we not share the danger of those who so liberally shared their happiness with us?"

I embraced my noble-minded girl. Yes, Lady N., I must call her so—never, but in the moment of self-reproach, has she shrunk from the severest trial.

I sealed up our keys, and gave them, with the casket containing the jewels and money, to Muller. I asked no questions

about the bestowing it, concluding they would, if possible, be carried where he knew I myself intended to leave it. I then sent him hastily to purchase some long cloaks; and though it was August, and the evening very light, contrived to cover ourselves so as not to be remarked. We then left the hotel. The Marquise had pass-keys to all the private entrances of the Castle; Muller, who had always attended her, knew them—and, as we were too insignificant to be noticed, we reached her apartment in safety.

The dear, amiable woman was in tears. She had been, she said, longing, once more, to see her child—to embrace us all; she feared she had seen us for the last time; and now that we were with her, she trembled at the danger we incurred. She chid me for suffering my judgment to be seduced by the tears of *her* daughter, and my *own;* but this I convinced her I had not done; we were all voluntary sharers in her danger. Again she wept in agony.

"We

"We talk of danger and death at a distance," said she; "but the near approach is terrible!—terrible, 'even to the injured and oppressed!"

We remained in her apartment. She was mostly with the Queen and the Dauphin, who was very fond of her, only looking on us a few minutes at a time. No one thought of rest; but I insisted on Adelaide and my daughter lying down.

Just at midnight the Marquise came to me with such a look!—"I thought," said she, "I had seen the very height of iniquity before; but this! this!——We have not a gleam of hope, but from the effusion of blood. But while the King is grieving for the people, they are crowding to the bar of the Assembly to demand his deposition, and even threatening to take the law into their own hands, and effect it themselves. Armies of the disaffected have already entered the town—this we all know; what we have to oppose against them, no one knows."

While

While we were speaking, the *tocsin* rung —our children flew to us—the Marquise left the apartment—cannons were discharged—the end of all things mortal seemed at hand.

The desperate faction, in one half hour, secretly dismissed the whole Municipality, and displaced every officer of whom they were not assured; at the same time that crowds of gentlemen had been, the whole evening, repairing to the Palace, armed, in the exigence of the moment, and swearing to stand by each other, and defend the King to the last extremity.

Mandat, the worthy commander of the National Guards, was at his post with his whole staff. The fidelity of the Swiss was not doubted; and the Marquise just came to tell us all that occurred. But nothing could be more variable than her intelligence; for Mandat was soon after ordered to attend the Municipality. He twice refused—but at length unfortunately consented. He found himself among strangers,

of

of a description too contemptible to extort his respect, and was murdered in their presence; but this did not transpire till all was over.

The confusion his absence occasioned in his command was dreadful; but it served to unite the loyal few with the faithful Swiss, more firmly to loyalty and each other.

The King passed from the council-chamber, where the Ministers, such as they were, assembled, to his closet; and with his confessor, the Abbe Hubert, found the consolation and resignation of which he stood in such need, in a pure conscience and the sublime sentiments of religion.

At five in the morning, the Queen ordered her children to be awakened, and after that the Marquise returned to us no more; but we saw her, with Madame Royal and the Princess Elizabeth, following the King and Queen, who went round to all the posts, animating their friends, and re-

ceiving oaths of fidelity. "*Vive la Roi,*" was shouted; but sad, sad to relate, all the artillery answered—"*Vive la Nation!*"

I saw the Marquise stagger—an officer supported her; she recovered—they passed on, and we retired from the window—oh, with what hearts!

The gentlemen Royalists, and the disbanded officers of the Life Guard, with, alas! no Duke de Brissac at their head, formed themselves into companies, under the command of the Marshal de Mailly, who stationed them in the guard-rooms nearest the Royal Family, and, estimating their power by their courage, deemed themselves invincible.

Meanwhile his Majesty continued to send notice of his situation to the Assembly; but that wise body could not possibly attend to him, because they were just then debating on the *abolition of the slave trade!!!*

Such, however, was the zeal of the King's friends,

friends, that the guards without envied the station of those within, not because it was less, but most, dangerous.

" Nothing," said the Queen, to appease them, " shall separate us from these gentlemen: they will share your dangers; they will be under your command; order them to the mouth of the cannon, and you will see how they will die for their King."

The most dreadful tumult now surrounded the Palace; it was precisely at eight o'clock. Again we dragged our trembling limbs to the window.

The artillery were shouting, " *Vive la Nation,*" and unloading their pieces.

" Ah!" cried Adelaide, " it is all over! I shall see my mother no more!"

Mandat was sought and called for every where—the murdered Mandat! Uncertainty of the cause of his absence created more confusion than if his fate had been known; for that, perhaps, would have stimulated his soldiers to revenge—yet nothing like dismay

dismay was seen among the Swiss, or our faithful gentlemen. We ventured several times to look into the great gallery leading to the apartment of the Dauphin; assurance and protection were in every look. Again the shouts from without almost annihilated us.

The air, the terror, the beauty of Adelaide, could not, even in that awful moment, be unnoticed; scarce daring to lift up her lovely eyes, she cast a fearful glance, first on the window, then towards Heaven.

A gallant young man approached—"What cause can fail to prosper," said he, "which has such an advocate with Heaven? but do not despair when you see that tremendous multitude—for even among them we have many friends, who will not fail us at the crisis."

Encouraged by the animated manner of this young hero, returning to the apartment we had left, we met the Duke de Chatelet, the Marshal de Mailly, the ever-respected d'Hervilly, and many others, whose

whose looks, as they saluted us, were equally encouraging.

But, oh! the King—the King was his own destroyer!

The violence and number of the assailants encreased, without doubt. But what were thousands and tens of thousands of desperate ruffians, encouraged by incendiaries against all the laws of God and man, opposed to the gallant band, under old and tried commanders, whose King, whose property, whose honour, and whose religion were at stake?—or what the peril of being buried under the ruins of the Palace, to falling into the power of merciless tyrants?

Oh, let the tears of regret blot the page from history!—the King was assailed by base and perfidious counsellors. The Procurer Syndic demanded an audience; he was followed, as pre-concerted, by some Municipal Officers. These men foresaw a general slaughter; but they also foresaw the defeat of mercenary wretches, on whom

no dependance could be placed—and it was in that interesting moment they exaggerated the danger. They conjured him, for his own, his family, and his people's sake.—But why wound your heart, or my own, with a repetition of so fatal a mistake? The Queen opposed: she would die first; she would be nailed to the pillars of the Palais; she wept; she implored to no effect. At length, finding the King had, indeed, submitted to be conducted to the Assembly—

"This, Sire," said she, "is the last sacrifice! Come, my children, let us go; and what shall we say?"—The hero of one day was the infatuated victim of another.

How long it was before this cruel abandonment was made known to the brave, devoted Loyalists, I know not. A few ladies had joined us in the Marquise's apartment when the first attack began: Mesdames de Larente, de la Rochayman, de Ginister, and Mademoiselle de Tourzel, the latter sharing the emotions of Adelaide, from

from the same cause, as her mother was with the Queen, crowded with us into a *boudoir* that commanded the terrace. It was some moments before we dared look out; but the shouts rather subsiding into a sort of murmur, we ventured—and who can paint our fearful astonishment, when we beheld the King, the Queen, the Royal Children, and Madame Elizabeth, followed by the Princess Lamballe, the Marquise de Courville, and De Tourzel, and several gentlemen, crossing the terrace, between two columns of National Guards, whether as friends or foes we could not distinguish. But while we yet beheld our loyal adherents at their post, how could we suspect the latter?

Amazement kept us all silent, till (as we were still watching their slow motion, owing to the difficulty of keeping off the crowd,) Charlotte shrieked, Adelaide hid her face, and the other ladies dropped on their knees.

A tall, dirty fellow, from among the grenadiers, caught the Dauphin in his arms; the

the Queen rushed from the arm of the King after him. The first idea with us, and most probably with her, was, that violence was intended the child. The grenadier, however, marched on. The Queen again broke from the King's arm; and the last glance of our dear Marquise left her supported by M. de Hervilly, with her face turned towards the Palace.

We had no time to comment on this extraordinary event; it seemed that, instead of pacification, the desertion of the King was the signal for general massacre. Oh! in what words shall I make you understand what followed—when, after the slaughter of whole ranks of Loyalists, whose blood ran in sluices into the sewers, the monsters entered the Palace, deaf to the voice of mercy, inaccessible to even the appearance of pity, sparing neither age nor sex! The gentlemen in the guard-rooms, and on the stairs, defended them, step by step, while one man survived—then! oh, then!——

There

There was, in the different apartments of the Palace, a number of ladies and female attendants; we heard them flying along the passages, pursued by the hunters of blood. They sought shelter in the rooms above; they were again followed there; and such as had not been killed or wounded descended even to the cellar, whence we were harrowed by their dying shrieks.

Adelaide had fainted when she lost sight of her mother, and Charlotte was seated on the ground supporting the dear insensible, expecting death every moment; the other ladies were at their devotions. Perhaps I should not acknowledge my attention was still mortal: I was searching round, in hope to find a glass of water, when, again passing the window, I saw the Chevalier; he was engaged with two of the artillery deserters, knee deep in gore, all around dead or dying. I saw him wounded; his sword dropped; his cowardly enemies were on the point of finishing their work.

Ah, dear Lady N.! in that moment I forgot

forgot Adelaide, Charlotte, myself—I remembered only the last of the house of De Verencourt—the son of the Duke—the beautiful boy, whose youth had been passed in my presence, almost in my arms. I cried out; happily for us, my voice was not heard among the more direful groans, exclamations, and shrieks, that every where surrounded us—yet, and it was, I thought, pure accident, he seemed to raise his eyes to the window where I stood.

Two soldiers of the National Guards in that moment came up to him, and averted the stroke of death; they spoke to the artillery-men, as I afterwards concluded, to persuade them the Chevalier was a friend—one of them took up his hat. He had now reached a baluster, against which he was resting, armed crowds passing all ways; but I could only see him and them. They examined the hat—the filthy cockade was wanting; they nevertheless persisted, and, at length, the artillery-men sought other prey. One of the soldiers then approached the

the Chevalier; but what became of me when, though the wounded man himself did not look up, I saw the two soldiers did!

It was then I recollected my children. I ran to the door; but what were common locks?—The cannon were battering the walls. I embraced my children. The ladies approached us.—"We shall meet," said one of them, "yes, we shall assuredly meet; we are victims in a cause that ensures our meeting in Heaven."

Mademoiselle de Tourzel sat in a corner of the room, drowned in tears. My brain seemed dried up, I could not weep; and my mouth so parched with fever and thirst, I could not speak.

"They are coming!" cried Charlotte. "Dear mamma, come near; let me die in your arms."

I flew to her; the ladies all hastily followed. As we were then all on our knees, we heard confused voices I distinguished, "Respect the nation." The sounds by degrees were more distant, and the immediate

danger seemed averted; but the cannons were still battering the Palace. The windows all broken—the fragments of glass flying about—human nature shuddered at approaching dissolution. The ladies ran to the door, which I had fastened as well as I could: they called on me to open it. Too distracted to make observations, I was following towards the Queen's apartment. I recollected my children, and returned.

A soldier of the National Guards appeared, his sabre drawn. He hastily approached, and without speaking, pointed to the *boudoir*.

It was then that I observed a tri-coloured ribbon hung across the entrance. We knew nothing of what this meant; but as, instead of using the sabre for our destruction, as we expected, he only pointed to the door, we entered the *boudoir*.

But, dear Lady N., I at this moment feel a sensation of delight at the bare recollection of the face of this soldier—it was Charles Marchand! I had seen him often when

when he paid his respects to the Duke. I knew to whose munificence his brother owed the reinstatement in his business, and the marriage portions of three sisters. I had heard, often heard of their gratitude. I pointed to my poor Adelaide, who had fallen from one fit to another, and was yet insensible. I saw tears start into his eyes. He closed the door. Hope revived in my heart, and I communicated it to my despairing associates.

How we passed the remaining hours of this tremendous day, I cannot tell, and my memorandums are only scraps. The cannon continued to batter the walls, and the riotous brigands to depredate the Palace. They set fire to the stables, and then we expected to be burned alive: but towards evening our door opened, and tri-coloured worsted cockades were thrown in by an unknown hand. We understood the kind meaning, and pinned them to our heads and bosoms; and again, soon after, both Charles and James Marchand, at the head

of a small party, in the same uniform, appeared. Charles, in a tone of authority, bid us follow him, and the rest closed round us.

What time can expunge from my memory the horrors at which my soul even now sickens !

Through all the chambers as we passed, it was impossible to make two steps without trampling on the dead, and you could not, with the utmost caution, had there been time, have avoided this shocking necessity; down the stairs, and in the court, the brigands had indeed heaped them on each other, to make themselves a passage.

Nothing but that fear of instant death, implanted in our nature, could have supported any of us.

Adelaide was again senseless; but they must have been brutes indeed on whom her situation did not make an impression; and our little guard, though in the National uniform, and wearing worsted cockades, had not abandoned humanity.

How

How or where we parted with our fellow sufferers, I have no recollection, nor indeed of any thing after we passed the Palace gates, till we were in the court of our own hotel, and Muller, that faithful, affectionate domestic, who, concluding us among the slaughtered inhabitants of the Palace, and looking himself as if he had come out of his coffin, gave way to all the extravagance of insane joy, weeping, tearing his hair, and leaping around us. I felt as if awaking from a horrible dream, and my overcharged heart was relieved by a burst of tears.

Adelaide, now aided by volatiles, and the assistance of poor Adrian, who had been herself insensible part of the day, revived.

"Where," she cried, "Oh, where is my mother? Ah!" dropping her head on my shoulder, "am I motherless?"

Muller perfectly shouted—"No, no, Mademoiselle, your mother, my lady, Madame, the Marquise, is safe—she is well—I have seen her several times—she is indeed

incommoded with heat and want of room, but so are their Majesties. The Dauphin is in his mother's arms, and Madame Royale on the floor, resting her head on her father's knee."

"And my mamma, where is she?"

"Behind the Queen's chair; I saw her served with some fruit, and I am certain she saw me."

This, in our present situation, was indeed consoling. We begged him to return to the hall, and, if possible, convey to the Marquise some intimation of our safety.

"If she only looks at me now," he replied, "I shall need no signal; my heart is so light, and it was so heavy when I met her swimming eyes in the hall, that I shall make few steps till I give her what comfort is in my poor power."

He returned in half an hour, with so ghastly a countenance that I dared not ask his news, nor indeed could he speak to be understood for some time.

The poor Swiss, who had escaped destruction in the Palace by laying down their arms, were now murdering in all parts of Paris. Yes! and Muller swore to what he thought would be an incredible fact, and by women too! One of them, Theriogne de Merecourt, dressed in a riding-habit, presided at an execution, by which he was obliged to pass.—"I heard," said Muller, suppressing a groan, "the poor Swiss were to be put to death. I knew it would be a dismal sight, so I was hastening away; but when I saw the women, Oh, said I to myself, they must be the messengers of mercy: so I squeezed myself in a corner to see what I thought would be a fine sight; but—but—but the woman—Oh! out of this family I never desire to see another woman! Eleven, yes, I could not help seeing it—for I could not get out of the crowd—eleven men were, one after another, put to death by command of a woman! To be sure they must be devils in womens' form! Some of them actually drank the blood, and I am not sure

they are not at this moment feasting on the bodies; but I will now go to the hall. If I die doing my duty, God will receive my soul; and I hope some good Christian will take care my body is not devoured by female cannibals!"

It was easy to perceive the impression made on the poor fellow would not be soon removed. He was naturally a florid, healthy-looking man. No colour of blood was now in his countenance; his eyes were starting from their orbits; a black circle was round his open mouth. I knew he ought to have been let blood; but I had no means of having it done. I had seen three medical persons, who attended the family, among the gentlemen at the Palace, and had no reason to doubt their fate. I might indeed have ordered him to take repose; but what then became of the Marquise and——

I had no one else on whom I could confide. The old men were afraid to shew themselves; and the Swiss porter had flown no one knew where.

Adrian

Adrian offered to go to the Assembly; but Muller would not permit her.

When he was gone, I ordered all the lights to be removed from where they could be seen; and though fearful of new horrors, looked out from a half-closed shutter. What a spectacle did the streets present! the poor Swiss chased like wild beasts, and every death followed by shouts.

It was too, too much; every shutter in the house was closed, and retiring to the most distant apartments, we removed my bed, and those of my children, (they were both now mine, Adelaide doubly so), into one room, Adrian and two other females, all we had left, into the adjoining one; and having finished these arrangements, sat down by the light of a dim lamp, expecting the return of Muller.

Day broke before he brought us news that it was only that hour the Royal Family and their attendants were removed from the small room, or rather box, where they

had been pent up sixteen hours, to a lodging, or prison, consisting of four small rooms for them all; as, however, they were safe and well, we also retired to the repose of which no one could stand more in need than Lady N.'s obliged friend,

H. St. Herman.

PACKET

PACKET XIX.

POOR Muller, who meant to enquire about the Marquise before we left our chamber the next day, was, Adrian told us, in a high fever. He had been dreaming, he said, that Joseph Bergen, the Marquise, and himself, were sailing to a new world. —Alas! he was now our chief support in this.

Theresa, the Marquise's German *femme de chambre*, was unquestionably murdered; and Adrian entreated permission to offer her attendance on the Marquise, without waiting the return of Muller, which, you cannot doubt, was willingly granted; but

she came back, supported by him, who could with difficulty stand himself.

The order of this day for assassination was even more terrible than yesterday; and briefly let me add, for I cannot dwell on the subject, the King, who heard himself vilified and denounced by the reptiles who called themselves the people, was, with his family, committed to the Temple, close prisoners; previous to which, one of the faithful friends who attended him from the Palace, having been to execute some commission for him, was, on his return, sent to the Abbay, and murdered. Apprehending the same consequences to the rest, he insisted on their leaving him, which, after emptying their purses for his use, in obedience to his commands, and overwhelmed with grief, they reluctantly did, and were returning to their respective homes, when they were apprehended, sent to the Abbay, and all afterwards put to death. The ladies, however, with some of the Queen's inferior women, who escaped from

from the Palace on the 10th, were permitted to go with her to the Temple; but Adrian, though she had stopped the Abbe Rocquelar, to implore his interest, was not allowed even to speak to the Marquise.

This Abbe, now a greater man than his chief, for the mighty d'O. was already a mere cypher, came, with his new colleague, to the Hotel de Courville—Yes, at the time I knew they authorised the daily murder of our friends, the situation of our dear Marquise, not to mention our own, compelled me to receive, and that with civility, a man whom my imagination bathed in the innocent blood which lay congealed in all the streets, although it was long since I could command a quiet nerve in his presence.

He never failed to examine the seals; and while I blessed the caution that prevented my touching them, his malignant triumph at the terror he inspired, which could not be misunderstood, filled me with such inconceivable sorrow for the poor

Marquise, now wholly in his power, as melted me to a passion of tears even in his presence.

Poor Muller! though he could no longer exchange looks with his beloved lady, would drag his fevered limbs round the Temple, and, by what accident we did not know, took the ruins of the Palais de Verencourt in his way home. This was his last shock. There, on the threshold of the porter's-lodge, lay the unburied, mutilated bodies of Michael, the venerable Swiss porter, and his own honest fellow-servant, the porter of the De Courvilles. A delirium seized him within an hour after his return, and he was carried to his bed, never to rise.

I had no relief for this good creature, but what the little medicine cabinet, belonging to the housekeeper, who had deserted us, afforded; and though I administered from thence to the best of my judgment, could not be certain I was not retarding, instead of forwarding his recovery.

Adelaide too, though her spirits were kept

kept up by a constant anxiety to hear of, and from the Marquise, was visibly indisposed; and I must have sunk under the many, many cares and griefs that overwhelmed me, had not the unimpaired health and persevering spirit of my daughter, whose attention and courage assisted us at home, while Adrian, who was our agent abroad, continued her daily visits to the Temple. Her adroit application of gold, when even patriots of inferior rank were obliged to be content with assignats, procured an indulgence denied the Queen, which was simply change of clothes; and though we dared not write a single line, we naturally concluded the certainty that we existed would be the daily consolation of the Marquise.

As far as a cessation of sanguinary violence on one part, and fearful silence on the other, could effect it, some degree of quietude was restored. We heard nothing of the Chevereux. Billets were sometimes pushed, or rather thrown, into the court, from

from our less intimate friends; but though Ninon was silent, it was impossible to suspect an abatement of friendship in her.

The Chevalier, the poor Chevalier, was, no doubt, among the loyal slain. We had not seen either of the Marchands, and dared not risk their safety by sending to them; but that the Chevalier knew of our situation at the Palace, and engaged their good offices for our preservation, was a fact, of which we were too gratefully sensible to remain indifferent to his fate. Many were the tears that dropped to his memory, from the eyes that had been so fatal to his repose, and many more from those that carried war in every glance they exchanged with him.

Late in the evening of the sixth day, after the deposing the King, and the loss of the beloved mistress, her hotel was entered by the vile Rocquelar. I was, as usual, seized with a fit of trembling.

"Your female domestic," said he, "has, I find, daily access to the Temple; and this, I presume you know, is against——"

Oh,

Oh, how terrible did the man appear to me at that moment! Were we then to be deprived of the small comfort of merely knowing each other existed?

He paused, to give time for fear to have its influence.—"I once more," he continued, "offer Madame de Courville safety, liberty, and, I can now add, power; I also offer you, as her friend, protection. Announce this to her; and say, further, her brother——"

"Her brother!" I could only whisper, my breath was lost.

"Her brother's life depends on her answer."

I fainted in the arms of my affrighted daughter. He forbid her calling for help.

"Your mother will recover," said he. "Our conversation needs no more witnesses."

Adelaide was not, I devoutly thanked God, present. I revived, but so heart-sick, so weak, and so utterly exhausted, that a savage would have pitied and spared me.

As

As soon as he saw I could hear and understand, he went on

"You thought, doubtless, you, and that weathercock De Verencourt, mean enough of my penetration, and meaner of my polities and power: had the trifler survived, he would have felt both. But, Madame, my business is brief; if the widow of De Courville becomes the wife of Rocquelar, a general amnesty follows. I will be with you at this hour to-morrow. I counsel *you* to think well before you advise her. Good night."

I considered his caution as the tolling of my knell, and feeling myself on the brink of a volcano, looked with anguish at my daughter, and thought of my poor sick Adelaide; for well I knew what would be the answer of the Marquise; but if I deserted myself, what would become of us all? I was at length able to speak, and answered, though with infinite difficulty, that it would indeed be a miracle if I, who needed direction myself, was competent to advise

advise the Marquise.—" You have always mistaken me, Sir: I have been the humble friend, never the dictator of either of the noble families to whom I am bound by grateful affection. No one knows their virtues and their worth better than yourself; and let me hope you will not, at this dreadful period, forsake the widow and the fatherless."

" All this is very fine," replied he; " but it is, at the same time, very foolish. What protection is merited by those who do nothing for themselves? These," presenting a billet, " are my ultimate sentiments. Add what you please in their favour, and you shall be thanked. Send it in the usual packet to-morrow. She will be allowed means to answer; but this is the crisis of her fate."

" I shall certainly obey you," I answered; " but, in the mean time, as I have my passports, and have the honour to be known to the Ambassador——"

I was

I was proceeding with assumed courage; but I had not to deal with a common villain.

"What!" he interrupted, "will Madame St. Herman leave the last of the friends, to whom she is so *gratefully bound,* at such a *dreadful period?* Hah, I cannot credit that."

"God direct me," said I, passionately.

"You had better," replied the impious as he retired, "be yourself the carver of your own destiny, and direct that of your friend."

"Misery, dear mamma," said Charlotte, "grows out of misery; but God will not forsake us."—I saw she had some new meaning.

Muller, poor Muller, was no more! He expired just before Rocquelar entered. I charged her to conceal the loss of the faithful domestic, and all that had now passed, from Adelaide, who grew worse every hour. As Muller's disease was a raging fever, I knew not but it might be epidemic, and you,

you, who know how dear she was to me, will conceive what I felt and feared for her.

The next difficulty that occurred was about the interment. There were now neither religion or priests in Paris. Our reduced household feared nothing so much as notice; and old Canton suggested that the remains of his friend Muller would rest more peaceably in the little flower parterre he had so diligently cultivated for the Marquise, than in a hole, with quick lime, with the murdered Swiss, and in danger, as he had himself said, of being devoured by female cannibals.

As this parterre was at the back of the hotel, surrounded with trees and a high wall, I consented to an expedient enforced by necessity; so with trembling limbs, hair erect, and without light, watering the unconsecrated grave with many a bitter tear, Canton, the cook, Adrian, and a female domestic, finished the obsequies of poor Muller.

This was indeed a night of aggravated affliction.

affliction. Adelaide's fever increased; before morning she was delirious. Charlotte, no longer an heroine, remained fixed to her bedside; while I, now traversing the dismal apartments in despair, and now supplicating Omnipotent support, passed a night of torture; and the morning found me still debating with myself whether I should send the billet or write, whether I should repeat all Rocquelar said, or keep back what I knew would be most terrible to the Marquise. My inclinations were for the latter; but the man, his power, his heart, how could the impotence of mine dare to deceive him! Besides, was it not right to let the dear woman know the whole penalty of her rejection? and if the weakness of human nature should give way, was it for me to judge? At length I resolved to send the note, whatever might be its contents, without a single comment from myself.

Adrian was permitted to see the Marquise, and to receive from her own hands a billet

a billet addressed to me. She threw herself at the feet of her dear lady, bathed her hands with tears, and loudly lamented the cruelty that prevented her remaining with her, if it were to live on bread and water.

The Marquise was pale, but collected; she embraced the faithful Adrian.—"Carry," said she, "to Madame St. Herman, the greeting of a heart that knows and loves her; say to her, she is the only mother God will leave my child; to her care, her prudence, her love, I bequeath her. Tell my Adelaide——" The fondness of the mother prevailed; tears stopped her utterance, and Adrian was compelled to depart.

Ignorant of the importance of the answer, of which she was the bearer, passing the gate of M. Chevereux's fine hotel, it occurred to her, knowing how anxious I was to obtain medical assistance for Adelaide, that she would ask the domestics the address of those who attended Ninon, even though they might be Democrats.

But

But the fine hotel was no longer the best appointed of all rich citizens. Her repeated rap at the gate was, after long waiting, answered by the mistress herself; her face bloated by weeping; her clothes rather hung, than put on; the hall very dirty; and the rich furniture covered with dust.

Adrian, whose own looks spoke enough of desolation, started back; she was, however, dragged forward, in order that the gate might be closed.

"I thought you were at your villa, Madame," said she, staring round in amazement.

"No matter where I am, nor what you thought, but is it possible! who of you are living? Your hotel is close shut up; and right enough, after the——. But is Charlotte St. Herman, and that lovely——. The poor *ci-devant* will be guillotined; but what is all the world to my——. But first tell me if you are an Aristocrat."

Adrian knew not what to answer; she remembered that the severe indisposition of

of Adelaide was owing to the Chevereux, and it was impossible for any one to forget that Aristocrat was, in the present moment, another word for death: So Adrian answered —"No, not an Aristocrat, no."

"Oh, my God!" cried Madame Chevereux, lowering her voice, "I demand your pardon. What are your commands? Make haste to inform me. My spouse is indisposed, so is my daughter, and I am myself, as you see, far from well. Hasten," and she curtsied low, "to inform me of your pleasure."

Adrian concluded the poor woman's brain was turned, and despairing of the object of her errand, was turning away, when Ninon flew down the stairs, and, transported at the sight of one whom she knew to be a favourite attendant on Adelaide, threw her arms round her neck, and with a flood of tears, asked if we yet survived?

Revived by the unhoped-for sight of Ninon, Adrian found relief to her own heavy heart by the description of our

miserable situation; nor did her tears flow faster while relating the dangers we survived, and the distress we still endured, than Ninon's at the recital.

Madame Chevereux listened some time before she suddenly disappeared; and Adrian took advantage of her absence to confess the motive that induced her to deny her principles.—" Because, pardon me, Mademoiselle," said she, " I always understood Monsieur, your papa, was a patriot; but sure I am, whatever may be the opinion of him, or Madame, your mamma, you can never wish to see the streets of Paris washed with human blood."

Ninon wept, without answering.

" And, above all things, Mademoiselle, you would not desire that Mademoiselle de Courville should die in a fever for want of a doctor; be so good as to send one of your lacquais."

Ninon wept still more, but without answering.

The idea that she was under the roof of an

an enemy, could not prevent Adrian's shewing her displeasure at the little regard paid to the illness of her young mistress, and she was hastening away in great anger.

"Go," said Ninon, taking out her tablets, and writing an address, "go as this directs, and say to my beloved friends, they have the prayers of poor Ninon."

"I am sure you have theirs," replied Adrian, taking the card, and hastening to leave the hotel before the return of Madame Chevereux.

With inconceivable agitation I opened the packet from the Marquise; "*non, non, jamais, jamais,*" were the four words it contained. I had anticipated the contents; but the spirit of the repeated "*jamais,*" was more than I expected. I knew not then that she had been an ear-witness to one of the most infamous ironical speeches the Abbe ever uttered, in abuse and insult of both King and Queen—or that he had concluded in such a pretended defence of the poor Swiss as sentenced them to im-

mediate death, and incited the assassination of some of the King's most faithful friends.

I could foresee the rage and disappointment of the Abbe, when I should deliver this note to him; but it was impossible to know how far it might affect either her or me. I believed myself and my daughter protected, but I needed not the solemn and sacred message from the ever-beloved Marquise. Never, in a single instance, had I considered the safety or happiness of Adelaide de Courville secondary to my own: she was now on a bed of sickness, menaced with dangers on which I dared not meditate; and had a sudden recall of the Ambassador reduced me to the alternative of leaving her, or sharing her fate, however disastrous, I should not have hesitated in embracing the latter—but these sentiments could not justify me for neglecting any probable means of securing our general safety.

Ninon's address to the surgeon, I hoped, would be every way an acquisition, since in

in our present situation, if she had not confided in his heart as well as skill, she would not have given him an introduction to the Hotel de Courville.

Adrian found him in rather an obscure lodging, and he accompanied her to the hotel by a private access, without troubling her with comments or questions.

He pronounced the fever to be eruptive, and believed it the small-pox; but as Adelaide, who was inoculated in her infancy, remained with Charlotte and the two boys without taking the infection, when Madame de Verencourt directed their inoculation at her *chateau*, during one of the winters I passed at Versailles with the Duke and Duchess, my confidence in the skill of our new friend was a little shaken—but, in three days, the eruption completely proved the infallibility of his judgment, and Adrian recollected that the Marquis had doubted the skill of the operator. During this gentleman's visits I had full leisure to scrutinize his manner and countenance; in the former

there was nothing either to invite or repel confidence—in the latter, a peculiar cast of features, an expression of the eye, not common, yet not disagreeable; and I at length ventured to ask, what were now the discussions of the Assembly?

He made no answer; and, had our situation been less desperate, I should have proceeded no farther. But it was necessary I should personally apply to demand fresh signatures to the passports: I did not even know the way to the Ambassador's—dared not enquire—and had no conductor.

Our safety at the hotel depended on keeping it so shut up as to shew no trace of inhabitants. Canton would not stir outside the gate, and I had not courage to venture alone. I shewed him my two passports. —"Observe," said I, "an essential mistake: my two daughters are included in the first, but one of them is omitted in the last."

It was a mistake, he thought, would be easily rectified; and, possibly to put my veracity to the proof, addressed me in English. My ready unembarrassed answers

gave

gave him not only confidence but good humour. We became friends, and I accepted his offer to escort me to the British Ambassador's.

We had scarce turned from the colonnade before a sort of procession of sorry coaches passed so close, that we were obliged to stop.

"They are refractory priests," said my companion, "condemned to exile. Out of eight days allowed them to quit France, three only are elapsed; they are chiefly aged men, and will, probably, be saved the fatigue of travelling."

Yes, I did observe their white hairs; they were such as graced the head of the venerable Riccobini.

"They are taking them to St. Carmes," continued he, "where three bishops and two hundred of their brethren are already released."

I turned to my informer: he was as pale as myself; their dejected looks, their number, the guards, the dead silence, were too sure indications of the tragedy in prepa-

ration. My heart rose to my throat; but what became of me after being first attracted by the flowing white hairs of a head resembling the Abbe Riccobini, though the face was concealed, on recognising the same monk I had seen with him at the monastery!—I could not proceed to the Ambassador's. The surgeon had volatiles about him, which prevented my fainting; but it was with great difficulty he assisted me back to the hotel.

"The blessed Abbe, then," said I, "is at last in the power of his enemies; he is on the point of a reunion with his beloved pupil, and we meet no more in this world!" Alas! of what avail were the torrents of tears with which I bewailed his fate? The friendly surgeon sent in his name, but I was not even able to thank him for his sympathy and care; what I had seen in the morning, and what I had yet to prepare myself for in the evening, rendered me incapable of receiving him.

Rocquelar was exact to his appointment.

If

If he anticipated the answer of the Marquise, he, perhaps, attributed my visible indisposition to fear of his resentment, and I had neither spirit or inclination to undeceive him.

He tore the note to atoms; uttered imprecations without number; and, after stamping and foaming like a dæmon, left me sinking with terror.

Among a thousand things on which I now pondered, in hope to catch at some ray of comfort, I remembered the Chevalier's asylum, and was on the point of summoning my children to accompany me thither, before I recollected the state of my poor invalid.

The venerable martyrs were still passing before my eyes, and I knew that the convents were all broken up—neither religion nor religious houses now afforded a sanctuary in France. I again passed the night in traversing my apartment. At day-break Adrian prepared to carry the usual packet to the Temple, and Charlotte implored me

to take one hour's rest, if no more. Rest was, indeed, necessary to enable me to face the events of the coming day—but what opiate could compose my troubled soul? I, however, lay down to pacify her, with my mind still intensely pondering on the fearful exigence to which we were reduced.

Adrian returned, and my daughter flew to my bedside, where, falling on her knees, she exclaimed—"Ah, mamma, the Marquise! the poor, poor Marquise!"

Ah, Lady N.! the beloved Marquise, the amiable, tender friend, the mother of our dear Adelaide, with the Princess Lamballe, the Marquise de Tourzel, and the few women who escaped the massacre at the Castle, were torn from their Royal Mistress, and sent, like common delinquents, to the prison of La Force.

Adrian returned in a state of distraction. Adelaide, dear, dear creature, was perfectly sensible; but to what scenes, to what a world did she recover!—not only La Force, but every prison in Paris, was filling with destined

destined victims, of all ages, sex, and rank.

Good God! what a day was this? Again, under the protection of the poor, trembling surgeon, I gave in my name at the Ambassador's, and was strongly tempted to say *two daughters.* My companion sedulously observed me.

"It will not do," said he, and I dared not attempt it.

Not only the office but the streets were crowded with people on the same errand; the secretary was very much hurried; and I was directed to come again within two days.

On our return we met the hawkers crying Marat's bloody Journal, dooming all the prisoners to death; and my companion assured me, the Jacobins threatened a second explosion. How I got home, I know not: confusion and terror reigned universally—every house was ordered to be searched—all arms seized—and suspicious persons to be sent to prison.

As this was considered the prelude to robbery as well as murder, the surgeon

hastened away, and Charlotte reminded me of the cases entrusted to poor Muller. For the first time since his death, his apartment was opened; but after the most minute search there, and over every part of the hotel, no vestige of our valuable deposit was found.

The difficulty of now concealing such a treasure, certainly rendered us more indifferent to the loss; and our search was hardly over, before the odious Abbe, and the attrocious Monk Chabot, demanded access to the apartments where the seals of the former were affixed.

The surgeon who, in his haste, had forgotten his patient, returned just as the two devils were passing the great gate. I saw the seals were removed, and the repositories empty—I stood aghast, pointing to the open cabinets.

"You will be visited by the Section to-night," said the surgeon.—"Madame de Courville's papers were, perhaps, deposited here."

As the tone of his voice, and the dismal expression

expression of his countenance, could not be mistaken, I saw it relieved him when I answered—" No, she had been long accustomed to burn writings of all descriptions."

" Her jewels then ?"

" Yes."

" And valuable ones?"

" Oh, yes !"

" Depend on the Section to-night;" and, after seeing Adelaide, he again hastened away.

" Mamma," said my dear Charlotte, " you are sinking with fatigue; we must change occupations—let me take the trouble, and would to God I could bear for you all the feeling and anxiety of our dreadful situation. Do you, my dearest, only parent, sit with our poor Adelaide: I comprehend all your fears, and I know for whom it is that care robs you of rest; but are not your fears and your cares mine? If I lose my mother," and the affectionate girl wept on my bosom, " who will care for me ? Come, my mamma, trust your Charlotte—go to Adelaide—I understand the import-

ance of providing for the visit of the Sections—let Adrian assist me."

She rather dragged than led me to Adelaide's bedside, dreading a conversation that could have but one subject—her dear, unfortunate mother, of whose imprisonment she was ignorant; but, recollecting the brutal search of the Section would not respect a sick-room, I apprised her of what would happen, and occupied both her and myself preparing for the visit.

My journal was a mixture of character and short-hand, which could not be decyphered by any but myself. Suspicion, as I have before said, was death, and the risk of carrying it about me was not small; but how could I prevail on myself to destroy such dear reminiscences! I stitched it in my dress, and remained with Adelaide, while Charlotte and Adrian destroyed every scrap of paper, except complimentary billets, and again searched, in vain, for the cases I committed to the faithful valet. We remained in fearful expectation till day-

light;

light; but, although those worst of inquisitors visited the street, we were for this night spared. Early next day our surgeon took leave of his patient; he brought with him a packet of medicines, and written directions for administering them. I perceived a hurry and embarrassment in his manner, which I attributed to fear of exposing himself to danger by attending an Aristocrat patient. The peril of our situation, indeed, admitted little enjoyment of society; but even the daily visits of this man, now that we were going to be deprived of them, was subject of regret.

I had recourse to my little stock of money to pay him, and Adelaide ordered Adrian to present him a valuable antique ring, which had accidentally been left out when we packed up the jewels; but, though he admired the gem with the *gôut* of a virtuoso, he declined accepting either—he was already paid, he said, and hastily retired.

"My kind, considerate Ninon!" exclaimed Charlotte.

"Amiable

" Amiable friend!" said Adelaide, tears dropping on her pillow.

Adelaide had, indeed, visibly conquered the disease, which, though the redness on her face had taken from its expression, and disguised the finest features in the world, was of the most favourable sort; but the recovery of her strength was retarded by constant grief—her eyes, weakened by illness, were dim from incessant weeping; and, " my mother, oh, my dear mother!" were the only sounds that reached us from her bed. No heart could remain unmoved by her sorrow, when it was no longer possible to conceal from her that the Marquise was imprisoned, and that we had no access to her. She knew not, indeed, the attrocities perpetrated every day almost at our gates; she had not seen the long list of the King's friends already cut off; and still less, dear child, could she apprehend the separation from us, which menaced to be no longer a matter of choice.

The English were summoned by the Minister, and ordered by the Assembly, to quit

quit Paris, under penalty from the former of losing the benefit of passports, and from the latter, to be considered not only as enemies but spies—and my name was already on the Ambassador's list.

What a fatal alternative! A thousand times did I regret that we had applied for the protection of our country; to remain, to suffer with, and even for, our unhappy friends, was now the ultimate desire of my soul.

I had heard there were Englishmen, who, detected in disseminating the accursed principles in their own country, which spread like a pestilence over France, had flown thither to escape the punishment due to their crimes, and not only found an asylum, but protection. Prompted by despair, in that desperate moment, I even preferred rather to affect becoming a proselyte to the evils that overwhelmed us, and join the sons of Belial, than be torn from our suffering friends. In all the common intercourse of the middling ranks of society,

we

we were as helpless as infants. That such wretches were protected in Paris we knew, though we had no means of informing ourselves where they could be found out; but—

> " Inured to pain,
> " The harden'd soul, at length, forgets to feel
> " The scourge of fate, and rushes fearless on
> " To deeds advent'rous."

I determined to go to the prison of La Force; I took my whole treasure with me, resolved, at any price, to obtain, if but for one moment, an interview with the Marquise. Charlotte was frightened at the resolution I evinced; she clung to my feet, but I would listen to no dissuasions. I left her on her knees, and, accompanied by Adrian, reached the gloomy La Force. I assailed the jailer with tears, promises, and bribes; but all I could obtain was leave to send in a small packet of linen, with the simple words, " we are well,"—and leave to wait while he carried in pen, ink, and a scrap of dirty paper, on which I read, in her

her dear well-known characters, "I too am well."

With this balm of comfort, as we were hastening back, I encountered the terrible Abbe; his looks were, indeed, as terrible as if the punishment of his iniquity had already begun. I cannot describe them—pale, ghastly, eager, fiery—oh, what a picture of "the death to come," did he exhibit! I never now saw him without shuddering to my inmost soul; he stopped—his hideous mouth opened—his lips quivered—his efforts to speak failed—he hastily passed towards the prison without uttering a word.

"Oh, my God!" I exclaimed, "this is the omen of death."—And, indeed, would he have dared to share the plunder of the De Courvilles with his vile associate—would he, deep, deep hypocrite, who could so well disguise every purpose of his bad heart, would he have been thus visibly agitated, thus forcibly speechless, were not his intents direful? His horrid aspect flitted before

before me, and it required all the balsam of the *"I too am well,"* to carry me, with any degree of composure, to the presence of my children with the welcome scrap from the Marquise.

How my poor girl embraced, and how Adelaide blessed me, you will conceive, for their hearts are not unknown to you; but the agonies of mine was beyond all conception. My passports had been left at the hotel, I supposed, by the surgeon; but, oh, what was my own personal safety? where could I hope to repose my breaking heart? where escape fond ceaseless recollections of the kindness and sufferings of the dear objects I must abandon?

The caresses of my sweet Adelaide, and the fate of her mother, in prison, bereft of all comfort, and enduring a thousand deaths in the cruelty inflicted on the Royal Family, confounded and reproached me, while Charlotte, ignorant of the cause of a sorrow and despair that rejected participation, trembled for the effect it would have on my health; and,

and, instead of the consolation she intended, harrowed my soul by enumerating the many claims friendship, humanity, and gratitude had, at that solemn period, on the activity of spirit which had seldom before failed.

The miserable day, at length, passed, but our hour of grace had passed also. Half an hour before midnight, the lights in the street, the guard, prisoners taken out of the neighbouring houses, all announced what we were to expect. They came to our gate, and were soon in the salon, headed by two of the most vulgar, frightful-looking men I ever beheld.

Adrian rushed forward—"Messrs. Commissioners," said she, "please to understand this is the house of the late Marquis de Courville, who, you remember, was killed at Versailles."

"We have no instruction about that; but we know his wife is the German confidante of Maria Antoinette, and we must search every part of her house."

"Nothing,"

" Nothing," replied Adrian, " can be more reasonable; it is far from my wish to oppose the national decree."

" You are a very pretty girl, and I hope not an Aristocrat."

" You may swear to that; but I have a terrible presentiment that I shall not long be pretty."

" How so?"

" A certain unpleasant sensation about the head, and a throbbing pulse, convinces me that I have taken the small-pox from a young friend in the next room—but I will shew you."

The Commissioners were, in a moment, out of the house The small pox, *diable!* the small pox, *peste!*—" Comrades," said they, " we are satisfied—there are neither suspicious persons, nor concealed arms, in the house."

Adrian kept her hands to her forehead with well-acted pain—" The terror of this disease, among the lower order, is inconceivable," said she; " there are yet many

many who, notwithstanding it was so fatal even in the late Royal Family, will not submit to inoculation—but, oh, they are returning, in despite of the small-pox."

A worse-looking wretch than either of the former, whose scarified face defied disease, entered.

"Citoyenne," said he, addressing Adrian, "I am directed to search this house—to put the national seal on the unoccupied apartments—and to visit that of the Citoyenne who has the small-pox."

Except we owed it to the really pretty face of Adrian, I never could account for the civility of these men, so contrary to what we expected; but the courtesy shewn to our presence was not extended to the other parts of the house. The cellars were particular objects of suspicion, and they fully occupied the guards, while we accompanied the deputy leader into Adelaide's chamber.

The dear invalid was forewarned; she was not, therefore, much alarmed, though the man insisted on having her bed lifted

from

from the mattress, to be sure there were no concealments.

The trunks, which had never, since the first proposed emigration, been unpacked, had still my address, and, on seeing my passport, they did not touch them; but, after allowing Adrian to select a small portion of linen, a seal was put on all the other repositories, as well as the unoccupied parts of the house; but although there was no end to their interrogatories, then, when Adrian officiously pointed to the cabinets, where, she told them, the jewels used to be kept, the Commissioners looked at each other, but had no curiosity about *them*.

It was near day-light before they left us, and, without undressing, I laid on my bed, impatient for the hour when we might repeat our visit to the prison, with hope of more success. But, alas! neither tears, prayers, nor gold, now availed. We were turned from the gate, with rudeness and menace; no answer could be obtained to our mournful enquiries, whether the Marquise

yet

yet existed, though we addressed them with the most abject humility. No starving beggar ever sued for alms with more heart-felt and earnest submission, than we implored a single monosyllable; but it was all in vain, and we left the stone-hearted jailer, in the deepest dejection.

Canton had, this morning, also ventured out; and, on my return to the hotel, whispered—for such was our trepidation, we dared not speak aloud, or trust the sound of our own voices. But, oh! what sad intelligence did the poor terrified Canton impart!—it was the climax of every enormity that could cry for vengeance. Among a thousand indignities, the King, the husband, the father, the brother, was brutally separated from his distracted family—no intercourse permitted—nor even as much notice of this refinement of barbarity as allowed a parting embrace.

What shadow of hope now remained? The cruelty and insult inflicted on the unhappy Monarch could never be pardoned;

it was an unheard-of outrage on humanity; such an unpardonable offence against God, and disgrace to man, that the perpetrators must be sensible nothing could save them, but the immolation of the objects whose names were their condemnation, and whose fate was imprinted in the glaring countenances of every one of the faction.

I retired to an apartment the most distant from my children; I dared not meet them, though my avoiding to do so was a certain proof that I returned unsuccessful. I had abandoned myself to unutterable grief, my imagination confused, my strength exhausted, and frightened at the impotency of my own mind, when the surgeon, who I did not expect to see again, appeared; his looks so embarrassed, and his manner so constrained, that I had began to chide him for risking his own safety, before he delivered into my hands a note from Ninon, begging to see Charlotte immediately, on business of the utmost consequence.

The

The characters had been evidently traced by unsteady fingers, the lines were crooked, and the paper soiled—all so unlike the neat, delicate Ninon, that, had not Charlotte insisted it was her writing, I should have doubted the fact.

The streets, through which I had myself passed in the morning, were less tumultuous than even the day before: the few faces my sorrowful and abstracted heart had permitted me to observe were, indeed, serious and busy; but they had not interrupted me, and my daughter could not be in more peril than myself. Why, therefore, I felt such reluctance at the idea of this visit to Ninon, I could not explain; but nothing is more certain than that I did feel it, and to a degree it was impossible to conceal. Perhaps Adrian's strange report had some effect; but the note, the manner of its being sent, and the messenger, together with my dejected state of mind, gave me a sensation of dread, which altogether I could not overcome, and I absolutely refused to

venture my daughter into the streets of Paris without me.

There are few mothers, I believe, who cannot recollect instances, when, though conscious of her own debility, she has fancied her presence an armed host for her children—this was exactly my feeling at this moment; I who could not have supported myself without the assistance of Adrian, while passing streets yet bearing the vestiges of violence, fancied I could protect my daughter.

"But, dear mamma," said she, embracing me, "we cannot both leave our Adelaide, and we are ignorant of the situation of poor Ninon; she may be in distress."

"She is not, assuredly, on a bed of roses," joined the surgeon.

"My poor Ninon, my generous, disinterested, affectionate friend! Oh, my dear mamma! let me go to her; she has, indeed, a father and a mother—but has she a companion, a rational friend in either?"

I wept; tears were becoming great strangers

strangers to me—but these were rather tears of fretful embarrassment, than an overcharged heart, and flowed in torrents without relieving. My very soul recoiled from this visit.

"The affair of consequence," continued Charlotte, looking over the note, "may relate to ourselves—to us, whose business on earth is reduced to the single concern of avoiding the most terrible manner of quitting it. Dear, gentle Ninon, how well I know, if she has the remotest hope of assisting *us*, her alacrity, her zeal——"

"Who," cried Adelaide, "can doubt either? But suppose this does not happen; should it be herself who is distressed—should it be Ninon who asks of her friends, all they have to bestow, sympathy, shall we be deterred from granting it by any selfish fears? Dear mamma, you, of all people living, can least mean this; whether it would be to give or receive consolation, it is Ninon—"

"*Our companion, our familiar friend,*

with whom we have taken 'sweet counsel,'— you cannot refuse her."

"Go then, my child," said I, overcome with the generous sentiments of both the dear girls, "and at your return let me praise Heaven that my fears are visionary."

"To hear from Ninon, in this utter dearth of comfort," said Adelaide, "is in itself a grateful consolation."

Charlotte thanked me, in her animated way, for a consent extorted, not given, and Adrian offered to accompany her.

The surgeon advanced. I know not what of suspicion seized me. I again examined every trait of a countenance that, except the particular cast I before mentioned, had nothing in it beyond "quiet contented ignorance."—I had, on some few occasions, indeed, doubted whether the invariable composure of his features might not cover a designing heart; but, if it were so, he was too guarded for detection; and, with Adrian, I could not object to his escort.

Charlotte

Charlotte was one of those light, elastic, compact forms, on which any habit looks elegant and complete: she was now plainly attired, and the long cloak covered her figure; yet never did she appear to so much advantage—never looked half so lovely, in my eyes—so sylph-like—so innocent.

"In these terrible times," said she, smiling through her tears at the surgeon, "one ought not to separate from those with whom we wish to live and die; an hour—a moment has been found full of events that have, for ever, parted the dearest connexions."

"Oh, my Charlotte!" I cried, pressing her to my heart, "do not, do not leave your mother."

"Is not Ninon one of those for whom my dear mother would make some sacrifice of feeling?" said she, hanging round my neck, and saluting my lips, cheeks, and forehead, before she offered her hand to the surgeon. He changed colour—I observed

it; what terror did it not inspire? I would have spoken—utterance was denied me.

Charlotte affecting gaiety, though drowned in tears, skipped down the steps in her usual lively way.

Forgetting our invariable precaution, I flew instinctively to a window that commanded the street; my eyes, my heart, followed the graceful movements of my daughter till she was out of sight, when I returned to Adelaide, so ill, so woe-begone, and, as I seemed, so deserted, that, while she meekly descanted on the possible good consequence of this visit, I sat by her in silence and despair.

Adrian's speedy return astonished us. Madame Chevereux, as before, opened the gate herself; she forced ten Louis d'ors on Adrian—and, pulling Charlotte in with one hand, shut the gate with the other against both her companions.

I was thunderstruck; but Adelaide reminded me that there was no accounting for the caprice of that woman—"Besides," added

added the sweet comforter, "may not the business be secret, as well as of 'consequence?'—They are themselves in a critical, if not dangerous situation, and caution may be as necessary to them as to us; and, above all, do we not know Ninon?"

The afternoon passed with more impatience, on my part, than I could justify to my own reason; my uneasiness encreased, as the day closed, to such excess, that Adrian, with the greatest difficulty, persuaded Canton to accompany her to escort Charlotte home.

An hour elapsed before they returned, and the first glance of these faithful domestics convinced me that there was no passing the streets for my poor girl.

The work of murder was recommenced: the churches were deluged with the blood of priests; the good Bishop of Arles was slain at the foot of the altar—and many laymen, whose looks expressed abhorrence of the act, and sympathy for the victims, included in their fate. Danton announced

the important service to the Assembly, and not for all Paris would Canton again venture into the street.

" Merciful Heaven!" I exclaimed, in all the bitterness of despair and self-reproach, " why did I part with my child? why did I let her leave me?"

Adelaide, though in agonies herself, endeavoured to persuade me out of my fears; but I was now deaf to the voice of the charmer, and it was impossible to obtain the smallest intelligence—for, though a dead silence seemed to reign even among the Parisians, we perceived, through the crevices of the shutters, the throngs of all descriptions that rendered the streets impassable. This silence, more awful than even the loud bursts of *vive la nation*, that sometimes reached us from a distance, was succeeded by a tumult, so wild, so barbarous and uncontrouled, as left nothing between me and absolute distraction, but the hope that my daughter remained with the Chevereux.

The

The cannons were fired—the *tocsin* sounded—shrieks, not merely yells of faction, but anguish and despair, reached us; and Adelaide, from whom we could no longer conceal the dreadful commotion, ran from her apartment to join us at the closed windows.

The street was again, in a few minutes, clear; but the roaring of the tempest could be distinctly heard still—now full, as if the whole band of infernals were unchained to destroy the world—then again subsiding into a more terrific calm.

I now implored Canton to accompany me to the house of M. Chevereux—this he obstinately refused; but at length, moved by my tears, undertook to venture out, once more, by himself, and, if possible, bring me some satisfactory information, with a tri-coloured knot in his hat, and the old coat purchased by poor Muller for a similar purpose. We saw him depart; but it was in vain we kept our eyes fixed on the portal—in vain, while counting hours

and minutes, we fancied his figure in every shadow; the night passed, and he did not return.

The anguish of my troubled soul now resisted hope. In the saddest apprehension for Charlotte, and giving Canton up for lost, I returned to our chamber, followed by the poor remains of our family, trembling at the few sounds of our own whispering ejaculations, and painfully sensible to the horror, though ignorant of the cause, of the commotion.

Misfortune is a great leveller of distinction. One apartment now held us all. Adrian and the grisettes, who laid themselves on the carpet, the former weary with watching, the latter with labour, soon forgot their fears, and sunk in envied repose; but for Adelaide and myself, we were feeling that—

"The grief that doth not speak
"Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."

The

The day was far advanced before I could prevail on myself to awaken the harmless sleepers, though the tumult in the streets was now incessant. In the most cruel and restless anxiety, with trembling steps, I returned to the crevice of the closed shutter: the street was again thronged, and the crowd round our gate particularly.

A shout, gracious Heavens, what a shout! rung the air; it drew near, and seemed in the direction of our hotel. I ran to a window, and, entirely off all guard, put back the shutter. Great God! the most fearful and humiliating spectacle of degraded nature was before me—human creatures deforming thy divine image, by the perpetration of crimes too horrible for devils themselves.

I was soon seen—seen, transfixed. A shriek of exultation drew me, by an involuntary impulse, still nearer: two long poles were elevated from a cart; I saw—my blood even now retreats from my heart at the recollection—yes, I saw, and instantly knew

knew them—the heads of the beloved mistress of the mansion, mild, patient, and lovely, even in death, and her brother, the innocent, the unfortunate Joseph Bergen. A scream of triumph rung on my ear; but I fell as with a shot, and heard no more.

The time I continued insensible could not have been short; for it was not till after Canton's return that I was discovered in strong convulsions.

Adelaide, dear, dear orphan, was in the arms of Adrian, but so lost in grief, anguish, and despair, that she thought not even of me.

The fright of poor Canton had put him off all guard: he had failed to get any answer to his repeated, and, at last, loud raps at the gate of the Chevereux—"But," said he, to himself, "as this is the first time I have ventured out since my lady has been in La Force, and, God willing, will be the last, I will just fix my aged eyes on the walls that enclose her, while I pray to God for her deliverance."—He did approach.

approach La Force; but when spectacles, too terrible for description, took from him even the power to pray, and he would have returned, the crowd had so encreased, and he felt himself so powerless, it was impossible: And such were the dreadful, incoherent, and almost inarticulate accounts the poor old man proceeded to give of what he had seen, while tears ran down his furrowed, pallid cheeks, that his young mistress was reduced to the despair of praying she might know that her mother was among the victims who first suffered; and when Canton, hesitatingly, owned that the head of the lovely Princess Lamballe had been carried on a spear to the Temple and the Palais Royal, she rung her hands—"Oh, my friend!" said she, "I dare not ask respecting my mother; but say, only say, has her sufferings ceased? is her blessed, persecuted spirit at rest?"

Canton fell on his knees: he crossed his arms on his breast—the head which had grown grey in the service of her family

bended to the ground—he wept aloud; and poor Adelaide knew she was one of the many orphans who would drop tears of blood over the dark deeds of the last night.

The screams of the grisette, and Canton's loud calls for help, roused her: she flew with Adrian to me; she threw herself on the ground, in agony not to be expressed; and it was only in tenderness to me, at the entreaty of Adrian, she would suffer her arms to be removed from her grasp round my neck.

They at length got me to a bed; the convulsions ceased, but they were followed by successive faintings; and I believe, to this moment, that I should have expired that night, had not my bursting heart, and weary faculties, been again called to active exertions.

Again the tumult deafened us—I could not mistake—it approached—I heard the crash of glass—the windows were breaking—the doors burst—the national seal, for a moment

moment, delayed their cruel purpose. I thought on the bequest of the lamented Marquise—of my Julia—the sacred pledge of their confidence was before me; I threw my arms round Adelaide—we were locked in each other's embrace. The little household, reduced to Canton, Adrian, and two grisettes, flew to us—alas, to us! for the protection we so much needed ourselves.

It was impossible to account for the movements of the soul in such a tremendous moment. The door was beset; I recovered more than usual strength, and ran to oppose its being opened—it, however, was beat in, and the salon in a moment filled.

While pikes were shaking over my head, and the most shocking expletives ringing in my ears, I was trying to return to Adelaide, but found myself forcibly drawn back to the entrance of the salon.

My shrieks were louder than the uproar of the multitude.

"You are in the arms of a friend—let me

me save your life," said a voice close to my ear.

But what was life to me now?—I no longer saw my Adelaide; the bleeding arms of poor Adrian were extended over her, receiving strokes from pikes and swords, till she too was sinking.

"My child! my child!" I exclaimed.

"Your daughter!" said the same voice.

"Oh, my beloved! my child!" said I, turning to supplicate assistance from the friend—my eyes met his. Gracious Heavens! what second delusion of the brain! a glare of light from a torch rested on his face, and, spite of surrounding horrors, I recollected the features of—St. Herman! and——I remember no more. The air, I suppose, restored me to sense—I found myself still supported, or indeed carried, into a house.

"Mr. Somervine—I must see him," said the same voice which struck me at the hotel—"I must deliver this English lady to his protection, and this packet to his confidence."

I opened

I opened my eyes to behold, what—what, indeed! a second spectre! it was the very face, in advanced years, that had been the curse of my youth; it was every feature, every lineament, and the now remembered voice of St. Herman—of my husband. I again closed my eyes, as all about me thought, in death.

H. St. Herman.

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